This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

MEMORIALS

OF

A QUIET MINISTRY

MEMORIALS

OF

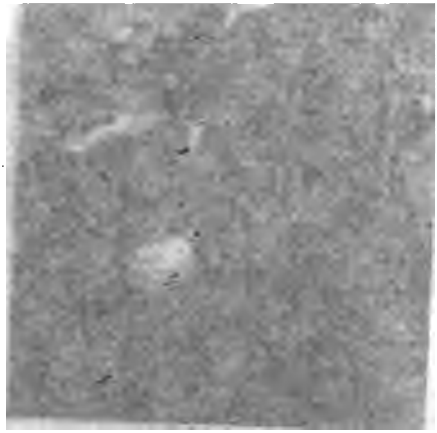
A QUIET MINISTRY.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

E. Cook, Sculp.

Ever faithfully Yours

Andrew Milroy



MEMORIALS

OF

A QUIET MINISTRY.

Being the Life and Letters

OF

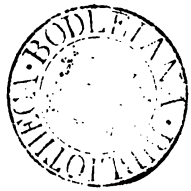
REV. ANDREW MILROY,

MINISTER OF FREE TRON CHURCH, EDINBURGH,
FORMERLY MINISTER OF CRAILING, ROXBURGHSHIRE.

BY HIS SON,

ANDREW WALLACE MILROY, M.A. Oxon.

READER AT THE ROLLS' CHAPEL, LONDON.



LONDON:
JAMES NISBET & CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.
MDCCCLXXVI.

210. m. 543.

To

My Mother,

true partner with my Father in every good work,

who,

by her bright faith and Christian love,

cheered him in his labours,

and joyfully shared with him his life of sacrifice

for the truth's sake.

CONTENTS.

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	INTRODUCTION. BIRTH AND EDUCATION TO SETTLEMENT AT CRAILING	1
II.	CRAILING	13
III.	THE DISRUPTION. FAREWELL	26
IV.	LEAVING THE MANSE. DISRUPTION LABOURS .	40
V.	SETTLEMENT IN EDINBURGH	58
VI.	EDINBURGH. LETTERS TO FRIENDS . . .	77
VII.	LETTERS TO HIS SON IN THE CRIMEAN WAR .	91
VIII.	LETTERS ON THE DEATH OF HIS SON . . .	113
IX.	COUNTRY LIFE, AND LETTERS	130
X.	THE SAME	147
XI.	LAST WORDS	167

MEMORIALS

OF

A QUIET MINISTRY.

CHAPTER I.

MORE than thirty years ago, a large number of the Scottish clergy felt it to be their duty to leave the Established Church, with its advantages and emoluments, rather than retain them, inconsistently, as they thought, with the duty and allegiance they owed to their Master, Christ. It was a noble sacrifice and a great one, inasmuch as it broke up happy homes, forced thoughtful students from cherished quiet, and caused

many to exchange ease and competence for anxiety and privation.

Some of the men who made this sacrifice afterwards rose to fame and eminence greater than before, and attained positions of honour and comfort; for, to the credit of the people of Scotland, the testimony to principle was generally understood and appreciated by every class. But the subsequent life of others of the protesting clergy was one simply of sacrifice and suffering. Having counted the cost, they bore the hardships of their changed life unrepiningly, and growing old in ill-remunerated toil, passed into the higher room of their Master's presence, where doubtless they have their full reward.

My father was one of these. As he had not sought preferment at the first, he deliberated fully before he renounced it; but having cast in his lot with the suffering cause, he was content to bear the reproach in silence, and to do quiet work for God in circumstances full of discouragement to a refined and sensitive mind. "Every place," he once wrote, "is happy where

we have the favour of God;" and on this principle he acted, carrying the beauty of a life of self-sacrifice into a position which might seem to the world uninviting and devoid of interest.

Of such natures, and the work they accomplish, little is observed by strangers; but with those who have known them intimately there lingers, as it were, the heavenly music of a pure and harmonious life. Such lives are doubtless the happiest, and they also approach most nearly to the ideal of what a Christian's life should be. To men who live prominently before the public gaze there is almost always the temptation present to sacrifice principle to immediate results, and to adopt a style of exaggeration, which imparts an unreality to the character.

> "Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
> Whose loves in higher loves endure:
> What souls possess themselves so pure,
> Or is their blessedness like theirs?"

"The silent life," a modern essayist truly says, "seems recommended as safer and better where possible,—certainly not spoken of as being

a thing to be despised. I think the most common and yet the most beautiful instance of a silent life will be where great and brilliant powers are put freely and at God's disposal, and are readily turned to an obscure unnoticed sphere of work as they would have been to that in which much perhaps praise and admiration would have been won. Men will pass unregarded many a noiseless retired worker for God in some sphere of seclusion and shade: but they who watch and know will be aware at times of the light of a saint's glory already hiding the modest head. Even the few simple notes of a gentle loving life, heard by the dusty hot wayside of a journey so often dull and tiring, what power for consolation, for encouragement, for example, may these slight, often unregarded, utterances exert at times when they come upon the heart's craving want or its dull abstraction!"

It is with this view that these Memorials are now published, in which I have omitted, as much as possible, the insertion of details, and have sought to let my father speak for

himself in his own letters. Some of these, written at times of great trial, and under deep affliction, may, I hope, be of interest and comfort to those who are called to pass through a similar experience.

My father was born in 1801. In his father and mother he was blessed with the best of parents, of decided piety, and distinguished by great culture of mind and force of character. The former, descended from a Covenanting race in Ayrshire, seems to have inherited the true Covenanter's spirit, being described as "an honest and upright man, who feared God and eschewed evil; of the strictest moral integrity and true Christian principles, holding fast the form of sound words in faith and love." He died while my father was young, but the bright example of his Christian character had a lasting influence upon his son. In his mother he was equally fortunate, as she was endowed with great ability, and, by her interest and encouragement in his studies, contributed not a little to his success both at school and college.

At an early age he entered the High School of Edinburgh, then the great Classical School of Scotland. The Rector of the High School at that time was the celebrated James Pillans, the Nestor of teachers, who taught so many generations of the Scottish youth. At school my father was early remarkable for his classical scholarship, for which he was equally distinguished when he entered the University of Edinburgh.

"Your father," writes a fellow-student, the Rev. James Drummond of Forgandenny, "was an excellent classical scholar; he had a fine classical taste, and was considered by all the students as one of the best scholars at that time." To the same effect the certificate of the Latin Professor (Christison) testifies, that "he performed with great applause the exercises prescribed."

The training of a student at a Scotch University, while it is defective in the personal supervision of study which is exercised at Oxford and Cambridge, is in many respects better qualified to fit for an active public life.

The large class of a hundred or two hundred students is a sort of miniature arena, where the competitors are prepared for the more serious business of the pulpit or the bar. Each student has to make his public appearance in the class, and finds that his work is estimated by a host of critics. A sort of public opinion is thus created, which has a most stimulating effect upon the work of the class. The danger naturally is that a favourite student may be carried away by vanity.

"Yet this," Mr Drummond continues, "was a striking feature of your father's mind, that he was not ambitious, like many of his contemporaries. He might have taken some of the highest prizes had he set himself to do so. When he entered the Theological Hall, he bent his whole mind to the examination and study of the various branches of theology. Indeed that was his special delight, and in that he greatly excelled."

This conscientious performance of work for duty's sake, and in the simple enjoyment of it, remained a feature of my father's character

throughout his life. I do not know of anything that he ever did for the sake of ambition, or with a view to gain material rewards. He did not lack ambition, but he knew that there was something higher; and acting from purity of motives, he was quite indifferent to the world's praise or neglect.

The Professors of Edinburgh University at that time numbered many eminent men, such as Leslie for Mathematics, Dunbar for Greek, Playfair for Natural Philosophy, and for Moral Philosophy the celebrated Dr Thomas Brown. Among the students who entered at the same time with my father was Thomas Guthrie, a tall stripling, as unlike my father—a little lad—as possibly could be, but they were warm friends, and remained so ever afterwards.

While a student of theology, my father, in conjunction with Mr Drummond, founded a new Theological Society, being dissatisfied with existing societies, "as tending to foster jealousy, and a desire for personal aggrandisement, so unbecoming in students of theology." The society was named the *Theo-*

lectic, and its members,* who were limited to nine, were, in the words of the founder, "to have it as their object to provoke one another unto love, helping and bearing with each other" in their efforts after mental and spiritual improvement. They met in a church to hear one of the members deliver a sermon, and adjourned to the vestry for discussion and friendly criticism. "We always felt anxious," Mr Drummond adds, "to hear what your father had to say, and his opinion generally settled the question as to the real character of the particular exercise. He very early impressed me with the conviction that, besides his excellent mental powers, his clear head, and his great good sense, his diligence and high attainments as a student, there were in him a depth of Christian feeling and an extent of Christian experience which were far from common among young men in those

* Among the members now alive are Mr Stewart of Scone, Mr Walker, late of Perth, Mr Waters of Burghead, Mr Stephen of Culross, and Dr Jamieson of St Paul's, Glasgow, to the latter of whom I am obliged for interesting details.

days. It was this aspect of his character especially which drew me much to him, and led us to spend many sweet hours together. I look back on those early times with unmingled pleasure and satisfaction, and am free to confess that my intercourse with him was in many respects most beneficial to me, as I know it was to some others besides."

A year or two of travel gave my father the opportunity of maturing his views and cultivating that habit of observation which distinguished him in after-life. As he afterwards wrote to me, "Make use of your opportunities of marking the current of human thought; look what is good in sentiment, and what is prejudicial and wrong. I used to do this about your age, and it proved a great source of benefit to me, and, I believe, gave an interest to my preaching."

In 1829 he was presented to the living of Crailing, in Roxburghshire, by the patron, the Marquis of Lothian. In this appointment my father loved to own the leading of God's providence, as he was an entire stranger to

the patron, who, with a laudable sense of his responsibility, had looked out for the best qualified presentee. The views with which he entered on his work are shown by a prayer I found in his diary on his birthday, July 25, 1829 (the year of his marriage).

"Oh that, as I cannot but recognise His hand in my appointment to the parish of Crailing, I may ever experience His merciful guidance in all the duties and trials to which that appointment leads. O Lord, help me to be unfeignedly grateful for Thy goodness in the ordering of my lot, and unceasingly devoted to Thee, from whom all my blessings descend. May I this year of my life serve Thee acceptably in the gospel of Thy Son. May I feel the power of that gospel in my own soul, and manifest the truth as it is in Christ both by life and doctrine. O God, undertake for me. Pour upon me of the influence of the Holy Spirit, and give me of Thine own wherewith to serve Thee. Suffer me not to forget my vows and obligations, but, for Thy mercies' sake make help for me. Give me words to speak

which Thou the Lord wilt bless. Pardon mine unworthiness, and accept in Christ Jesus, through whom I desire to ask deliverance from all evil and every needed blessing. Amen."

July 29, 1829.—"This night I sleep in the manse of Crailing for the first time. The Lord make me humble and thankful. The Lord preserve my habitation, and grant that this may be a house distinguished by the fear of God. The Lord make me a blessing to this parish, through the preaching of the truth as it is in Christ. Amen."

CRAILING MANSE.

CHAPTER II.

WORDSWORTH, in one of his poems,* when he would draw a picture of a happy life, describes it as realised nowhere so perfectly as in a Scottish manse:—

"Say, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing hills—
Among the happiest-looking homes of men
Scattered all Britain over, through deep glen,
On airy upland, and by forest rills,
And o'er wide plains cheered by the lark that trills
His sky-born warblings—does aught meet your ken
More fit to animate the poet's pen,
Aught that more surely by its aspect fills
Pure minds with sinless envy, than the abode
Of the good priest? Who, faithful through all hours
To his high charge, and truly serving God,
Has yet a heart and hand for trees and flowers,
Enjoys the walks his predecessors trod,
Nor covets lineal rights in lands and towers."

* On the Sight of a Manse in the South of Scotland, in "Yarrow Revisited."

The manse of Crailing fully realised the poet's description. It was situated, half-concealed by trees, near the beautifully shaded highroad that leads from Jedburgh to Kelso. The Oxnam, a clear stream, here emerges from the woods that surround Crailing House, and flows past the manse gates. An avenue of arching trees led from the manse to the church, a building stern in its primitive simplicity, from which the ground sloped gradually to the river Teviot. Nisbet, part of the parish, was on the other side of the river, and the villagers had to cross the ferry * on their way to church.

The poetry of Leyden has given an additional interest to this neighbourhood :—

> " Like music melting in a lover's dream,
> I hear the murmuring song of Teviot's stream,"

and Sir Walter Scott has made the " silver

* Mark Aitken, the ferryman and fisherman, was a man of deep piety, and was greatly respected by all who knew him for his decided and consistent Christian life. No man was more skilful than Mark at enticing a salmon to take the fly, and his quaint Scotch humour will be remembered by all anglers who have had the good fortune to enjoy fishing in the Teviot.

tide" of Teviot famous in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel." "There is something really remarkable," says Sir Thomas Dick Lauder in his book on "Scottish Rivers," "in the poetical atmosphere which may be said to hang over this favoured region of Teviotdale. Wherever we go we seem to find some rare instance of the Muse's inspiration."

Crailing itself was not without some historical interest, being associated with the names of two worthies of the Scottish Church—Calderwood and Samuel Rutherford. "The circumstance," my father wrote in the "Statistical Account of Scotland," in describing Crailing, "of its having been the scene of the ministry of Calderwood, the Church historian, and the birthplace of Samuel Rutherford, is sufficient to render it a spot hallowed by associations dear to all true-hearted Scotchmen—nay, to every lover of pure religion and rational liberty."

The house in which Rutherford was born, or at least a house situated on the same spot, was pointed out at the time when my father

went to Crailing; and Dean Stanley tells an interesting story in his "Lectures on the Scottish Church," of a former Marquis of Lothian who never passed the spot without touching his hat as a mark of reverence to the memory of Rutherford.

David Calderwood, a man of undoubted literary ability, and an intrepid defender of Presbyterian principles, had been appointed minister of Crailing in 1604, but was soon brought forth from its peaceful seclusion by the attempt to force Prelacy upon Scotland. He became remarkable from his appearance before the Special High Commission at St Andrews in 1617, where he entered the lists of argument with James VI., and defeated the "Scottish Solomon." The king had been expounding to Calderwood the rights of General Assemblies, whereupon Calderwood boldly vindicated the liberties of the ecclesiastical courts. James then asked Calderwood the meaning of the protest, to which he answered, that they would give *passive obedience* to his Majesty, but not *active obedience* to the new article.

"Active and passive obedience?" said the king. "That is, we will rather suffer than practise, sire," replied Calderwood. "I will tell thee, man," cried the king, "what is obedience: the centurion when he said to his servants, to this man, Go, and he goeth; and to that man, Come, and he cometh—that is obedience." "To suffer, sire, is also obedience," was the memorable reply. The king never forgot this encounter. "Even when he had made his way across the Border," says his biographer, "and reached England in safety, the image of the sturdy recusant minister of Crailing seemed to haunt him sorely;" for, according to the authority of Spottiswoode, when some of the English clergy came to welcome his Majesty, the latter gruffly replied, "I hope ye will not use me so irreverently as one Calderwood did in Scotland."*

The parish ministers of Scotland at the time of my father's settlement at Crailing were aptly

* "Life of Calderwood," by Rev. Thomas Thomson, in the Wodrow Society's edition of his "History of the Kirk of Scotland."

described by the name of "Moderate." They were worthy men, educated to a certain extent, but as a rule distinguished neither for scholarship nor spirituality. There were eminent exceptions, such as Mr Lundie of Kelso, Dr Somerville, the venerable and learned minister of Jedburgh, and afterwards Dr Aitken of Minto, whose scholarly tastes and genial culture made him the favourite of a large circle of friends.

The people reflected the character of the clergy, and the general tone of society was one of coldness and apathy on spiritual subjects. My father at once set himself to break through this deadness. The ideal which from the first he set before himself was that of a zealous student of Scripture, who loved to unfold "the whole counsel of God." He believed, as he used often to say, that there was a natural fitness between divine truth and the human mind, and that there was no work so noble or blessed as that of making it a reality to the souls of men.

When my father first went to Crailing, there was only one service on Sabbath, with two

sermons following each other in quick succession. In the morning, some of the old parishioners assembled in the manse-kitchen, where the prayers of the family for that morning were held. They came in all weathers, and were familiarly pointed out as the "praying saints." The Communion was celebrated only once a year, and this was a great occasion among the people of a "country-side." From an early hour on the Sabbath morning they began to assemble from great distances, and gather in groups in the old churchyard, as so well described by the poet of Teviotdale:—

"I hear
The Sabbath-chimes roll sweetly on mine ear,
And view, with solemn gait and serious eye,
Long moving lines of peasants churchward hie.
The rough-toned bell, which many a year hath seen,
And drizzling mists have long since crusted green,
Wide o'er the village flings its muffled sound.
With quickened pace they throng the burial-ground;
From crowded pews, arranged in equal row,
The dirge-like music rises soft and slow,
Uncultured strains, which yet the warmth impart
Of true devotion to the peasant's heart."

My father afterwards had the Communion

celebrated twice a year, but this was thought a great innovation.

At this period, as always, my father was a diligent student, and I find most careful analyses of books he had read. For Calvin especially he had the highest admiration, as one of the best expositors of Scripture, and he enjoyed the excellence of his Latin style. I remember his telling me how Bishop Horsley had vindicated the authority of Calvin against some young clergymen who had indulged in a sneer at an author of whom they were profoundly ignorant, and who has recently been described by a most competent authority as "the great master of exegesis, the prince of commentators, whose critical sagacity is marvellous, and quite unrivalled." *

The Rev. Joseph Yair, minister of the neighbouring parish of Eckford, thus describes my father's zeal in the work of his parish :—

"There was no one who could have prepared with greater diligence than he did for the work of the Sabbath. All his expositions of divine

* Canon Perowne.

truth were the fruit of anxious thought, of attentive study, of patient research, and of prayerful meditation. His discourses were practical and edifying, and there was always an unction and a freshness about them which truly reflected the inner life of the preacher. He delighted to proclaim to the people of Crailing the gospel of God's kingdom. He spoke to them in sincerity, and in the love of it, because he believed it; and his word was in demonstration of the Spirit and in power."

"Among the many preachers I have known," wrote Dr Aitken of Minto, "I never heard any who excelled him in the impressive quality of unction, the outcome of his own deep religious spirit passing into others."

Dr Jamieson of St Paul's, Glasgow, says:— "The poor were glad to hear him, because he preached the gospel purely and faithfully, and the rich, because the Christian simplicity of his style was always accordant with good taste and ministerial dignity."

"I have been going a little among my

people," my father wrote on coming to the parish, "not in the way of ministerial visitation, but have called at their houses and 'cracked' with them. All without exception have received me with warm kindness. If I could believe that any work of good to their souls was going on in proportion to the affection they now testify to me, I might indeed be happy; but I cannot say so."

In another letter he says, not without a touch of quiet satire:—"On Monday I attended a meeting of heritors for settling affairs of the poor and repairs of the church and manse. Heritors are not fond of parting with money. I fought hard for the church, but I did not like to ask much for the manse."

Here is an appeal on behalf of temperance, at a time when the temperance cause found few advocates. In his notice of the parish of Crailing in the "Statistical Account of Scotland" my father thus ends:—"Small as the parish is, I am sorry to say we have two public-houses, both at the village of Crailing. These are certainly not supported by the people in the parish, but by

traffic on the highroad; yet their existence is productive of decided evil. The circumstance of two being found so near each other in a small village, arises from the trustees of the county (through what may be pronounced a very ill-judged policy) having granted a licence to the toll-bar."

These years (1830–40) were thus a time of great enjoyment and progress. The good seed sown had taken root, and was bearing fruit. A religious awakening took place in the neighbourhood, especially in the village of Ancrum, in which, with M'Cheyne and the Messrs Bonar, my father took a great part. There was everything that could make a man happy whose heart was in his work, and many were the testimonies borne to the good that was being accomplished by the holy and blameless life of the minister. The effects of these and my father's character generally are thus described by a brother clergyman already mentioned :—

"The people of Crailing knew how holily and justly and unblameably he behaved himself among them. They knew that he was an ex-

ample of believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.

"Your father was of a calm, cautious, thoughtful, and scrupulously conscientious turn of mind. He had a high sense and appreciation of truth and right, and when duty required, he was ready, irrespective of consequences, to stand up in their defence. He was distinguished for his candour, moderation, and self-control. He always desired to put the best possible construction on the conduct of every man. In judging of an erring brother he would say, 'Throw into the scale every palliating circumstance in his favour, and let it by all means have its due weight.' If any one showed an unkindly feeling to him, he did not resent it, he bore it patiently. He was largely imbued with that living and active principle of 'charity which thinketh no evil, but which suffereth long and is kind.' There was a remarkable sweetness about his temperament, which I cannot conceive ever deserted him at any after-period of his life, and which served to endear him to every member of his flock. Your

father was, in the strictest sense of the term, a true man. He owned a singularly meek, catholic, and loving nature. He did nothing through strife and vainglory. His conversation was sometimes enriched with a vein of quiet pleasantry, which was never offensive to any one."

> "To drawen folk to heaven with faireness,
> By good ensample, was his business.
> But were it any person obstinate,
> Whether he were of high or low estate,
> Him would he snibben sharply for the nones:
> A better priest I trow that no where none is.
> He waited after no pomp nor reverence,
> Nor maked him no spiced conscience,
> But Christes love, and His apostles twelve
> He taught, but first he followed it himself." *

* Chaucer, "The Good Parson," from "Canterbury Tales."

CHAPTER III.

IT is not necessary here to give any account of the circumstances which led to the Disruption of the Church of Scotland in 1843. The whole question was long and prayerfully considered by faithful men. Some indeed may seem to have courted the issue in the height of their zeal, of whom more than one drew back when the final sacrifice had to be made.

My father watched with much anxiety the events that threatened to result in his being parted from his beloved charge, and being naturally of a calm judgment, he resolved to do nothing hastily. His name, which had been appended to a certain declaration by a zealous friend, he caused to be withdrawn, and he refused to take any step till thoroughly convinced that there was no alternative course left in

which he might maintain his loyalty to his Lord.

The Disruption was felt to be a really necessary step at the time by some of the calmest and coolest men, who were quite sensible of the consequences, and had everything to lose and nothing to gain by any change. The question on which the issue turned was not the existence of patronage, as is now sometimes affirmed; for I know that my father, if he did not advocate patronage, did not regard it as an unmitigated evil. As my father always expressed it, the contention was for the Headship of Christ over His Church, the principle "that He hath therein appointed a government in the hands of church-officers, distinct from the civil magistrate."

That this was a well-founded claim to spiritual independence was acknowledged by many who took no part in the controversy. "I hold it to be certain," Lord Cockburn wrote in his Journal, "that the assertion of its supremacy is within the words and in the spirit of our law. The Church has the law on its side. The Church of Scotland was established by

brave and good men, who made it, and meant it to be, more independent of the state, and more purely spiritual, than any religious system that has ever been reduced to practice."

So able and thoughtful a statesman as Mr Gladstone has emphatically pronounced that the Free Church was decidedly in the right, and that the course they took was the only one left open.

"I was one of a number of gentlemen," he said in his speech on the Bill for the Abolition of Patronage in the Church of Scotland in 1874, "who watched with much interest the progress of the controversy which ended in 1843, and I did not scruple to state in print my opinion that, so far as the traditions and principles of the original Scotch Reformation were concerned, those who afterwards became the Free Church, whatever might be the incompatibility of their views on national establishments, were certainly the heirs of those theological traditions that are connected with the Scottish Reformation.

"The Bill now before the House amounts to a cry of *peccavi*, but if it is also an admission of

wrong and confession of penitence, let me say that restitution is an absolutely indispensable means of testing its sincerity. What are you going to do for those people *whom you drove out of the Established Church?*"

My father's own views and feelings will best be given in the farewell sermon he preached in the parish church of Crailing. Taking for his text 1 Corinthians ii. 2, "For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified," he thus concluded :—

"It is right that I should pause and look back, and it is right you should pause and look back also.

"When first I commenced my ministration in this place, I chose as the rule and guide of my procedure, 'By manifestation of the truth commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God.' By this rule I have sought to walk. Assured that nothing but the truth of God can save the soul, I have sought to manifest this truth. In this blessed employment, in studying divine truth, in propounding it, I have experienced increasing delight.

"Of these years thus spent I may speak, in the language in which the illustrious commentator on the Psalms speaks of his happiness while preparing his expositions: 'Happier hours than those which have been spent in these meditations (on the songs of Zion) I never expect to see in this world. Very pleasantly did they pass, and moved smoothly and swiftly along; for when thus engaged I counted no time. They are gone, but have left a relish and a fragrance upon the mind, and the remembrance of them is sweet.'* Nor am I without the pleasing conviction that the truth has commended itself to your consciences—a conviction ministered by the copiousness of kind regard, tender affection, and sincere regret at the prospect of our relation to each other being disturbed, which have been heaped upon me.

"And why is our relation disturbed? I say disturbed, not broken? Why, so happy, so peaceful, so united, do we not remain so? Why not let the din of controversy rage around and us remain quiet and contented, refreshing and

* Bishop Horne.

refreshed under the continued distillings of gospel truth?

"Why, it may be asked, should you leave these walls, within which the gospel has been proclaimed, and heard, and loved; within which souls have been instructed, comforted, built up, saved? Why shall the simple music of the church-bell not summon us again together into this house of prayer, awakening devout feelings, solemn retrospect, heavenly anticipation? Think not, dear brethren, that I am a stranger to these ties; think not that it costs me small effort to forego our peaceful assembling, our parochial arrangements, our time-hallowed place of concourse. Mine is not the heart to be insensible to sweet associations and solemn recollections. Neither do I disregard the manifold advantages of the position I have held. I have surveyed and appreciated them all. Thankful have I been to an indulgent Providence for these advantages; nor do I now seek to undervalue them. Mine has been a happy lot, too happy; a pleasing residence, competency, sweet domestic relationships, increasing delight in ministerial

labour, the affectionate regard of an attached people; all these have caused the voice of rejoicing to be heard in my dwelling.

"Nor is it on small grounds I should feel myself called upon to renounce any of these benefits, but there is something dearer to the Christian's heart than outward peace and abundance, than pleasant habitations and tender friendships, and that is the honour of his Lord and Redeemer. A question has arisen affecting this honour. By events to which I need not refer, and in hastening which I have had no part, the point has been raised whether or not we shall continue to retain the civil advantages of our position as an Establishment on grounds which, to say the least, set aside and merge the glory of the Redeemer as King of Zion and sole Head of the Church.

"It is all well to speak of the advantages of an Establishment; all this is readily conceded; no man has a livelier sense of these advantages than I have; but the real question is, Can the honour of the Redeemer in this His office of King of Zion (a subject little understood), can

this be conceded in any degree for the sake of these confessedly great advantages?

"I humbly think no—perhaps you would answer no too, if we saw it in this light. Well, dear brethren, it is seen in this light by many faithful, diligent students of God's Word and will. Is not this a presumption that you are wrong in not seeing it? Is it not at least a call to you to consider seriously and solemnly this matter, lest haply ye be found to fight against God?

"The question then with us is, Shall we retain the advantages of our Establishment on grounds which affect and merge the honour of our Master? Shall we sit quiet and refuse to take part on either side, or shall we go down into the valley of humiliation, and willingly give up all these great and valued objects that we may join our testimony to our Lord's supremacy? This latter alternative, by God's grace, I have chosen. I have preferred to resign worldly advantages rather than retain them on wrong conditions. I am not insensible to the sacrifice, neither are my hopes sanguine as to the future; but the present path of duty only is ours. Ever since I came

amongst you, I have advocated spiritual religion, *i.e.*, a religion in which the heart is supremely given to Christ—not a religion of forms and decencies. I have insisted on the claim of Christ to be followed implicitly through good report and through bad report, through light and cloud, through prosperity and adversity. I have set myself against that accommodating religion which will go so far with Christ, but will not follow Him wholly; and now I am called myself to set you the example. Interest and feeling stand ranged on one side, principle on another. I choose the latter; I cleave to Christ's supremacy; and I trust to be remembered amongst you, even after my body shall slumber in the dust, as one who honestly urged you to give yourselves wholly to Christ, and who himself set you the example by sacrificing his earthly advantages for Christ's crown and glory.

I have said our relations are disturbed, and not broken. They are not broken by me. The pastoral tie does not consist in the place in which we meet, or in any worldly status the

pastor may enjoy, but it consists in the fidelity with which he feeds Christ's flock, and in the hallowed affections which that fidelity engenders.

"Between me and not a few of this flock I trust the bond will yet subsist, while my pastoral labours will at the same time be extended over wider bounds. With others, I fear the pastoral connection is to cease, because of their mistaken—I question not, conscientious—attachment to the walls and notion of an Establishment. Such, in my estimation, prefer the outward shadow to the inward substance, the mere external circumstances to the grand principles on which the Church of Scotland has been based. These principles we retain—on these principles we stand. With us, then, is the Church of Scotland; with others are the civil advantages she once enjoyed. For yourselves, I entreat you to consider well the part you act. As for me, God forbid that I should cease to pray for you. You know I fear your being given over to deadness, to self-complacent formality, to the name to live while dead; but know also that it is my fervent prayer that every one may be delivered

from this dread issue, and arise that Christ may give him light.

"Oh, be in earnest for your souls!

"Christ crucified has been held forth for your acceptance. You have been admonished of your guilt and ruin. You have had presented to you the fulness of the Saviour's work. You have been constantly reminded of your need of a vital union to Him. God only knows what impression has thus been wrought. In love, in earnestness, and not in anger, let me tell you that of many I stand in doubt. Oh, that it were otherwise! Oh, that a relation to Christ were visibly written on every soul! Consider the design with which Christ crucified has been held forth, even that you may rest on Him and live. 'If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and withered.' 'Except ye eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of man, ye have no life in you.' Open your hearts now to receive the Saviour. Let me this day have some fruit of my labour. I am in earnest with you, dear brethren, persuaded that, without a vital relationship to Christ, you are wretched

and undone, and knowing that there is life in Him for the chief of sinners. Oh, I would plead with you to seek, yea, and to realise, this living connection. Is your own guilt and misery not a reality? Is Christ's work not a reality? Is not heaven a reality? Is not hell a reality? Is there not a kingdom on earth of which Christ is Head, and all true believers are subjects? and is it not matter of paramount interest whether or not you be in that kingdom?

"Remember that I have not ceased to warn you in solemn and in sober earnestness. Remember that as I have to render an account of what I have spoken, so you must give account of how you have heard. Awake, ye dead souls; awake, ye worldly souls; awake, ye procrastinating souls. Awake this day—awake to take into your view this grand theme: Christ and Him crucified. Bring hither the burden of your sins, the weight of your spiritual maladies—bring them all to this wondrous Saviour. He is able, He is willing—oh, how willing, how gracious! On this grace and this love cast yourselves. See that ye belong to Christ. Hasten unto Him as

your ark before your feet stumble on the dark mountains. 'The Spirit and the Bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come.'

'This assuredly is a solemn day; let it be a joyful day—a day registered in heaven as the day of the conversion of many sinners. When I look back, dear brethren, if I feel regret, it is the regret of not holding forth with sufficient fervour the overwhelming love of Jesus—of not being touched enough with the misery of perishing souls. Oh, that I may live henceforth under the twofold impression of the love of Jesus, of the value of immortal souls. Him, having not seen, do I love. He is a blessed Master to serve. This has been my testimony when the candle of prosperity has been shining; it is my testimony now that the cloud of adversity is overhanging. Come, O come, into the service of this Master. Away with coldness, away with formality, away with deadness; arise, arise, and return to your God. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow: though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.

Look, O look, and live. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not?

"Come, O Spirit of the living God, and breathe on these slain, that they may live. Amen and Amen."

At the close of the sermon, the beadle, Andrew Telford, a poor labouring man, said to my father, "Who am I to give the keys to, sir?" My father had never thought of influencing him to take any side in the controversy, but he had settled the merits of the question in his own mind, and was ready to make his sacrifice also.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was a lovely evening in July when the manse was left. When all was ready, and they were about to start, my father gathered his family in the empty room, and then kneeling down, commended us all in prayer to God's keeping and love. Such times are never afterwards forgotten, even by the youngest. Long afterwards, my brother, who had knelt as a boy in that room, wrote, when embarking for Turkey for service in the Crimean War—"I remember papa assembling us all in Crailing manse, and committing us to the care of our Heavenly Father; in like manner I now commit myself to His watchful love."

Then taking one more walk in the garden, in the favourite path where he had so often paced in meditation on the message he was about to

CRAILING CHURCH. [*To face page* 40.

preach, "remembering the day when first he came, and all the things that had been," cheerfully and without regret he left the old home, and passed out at the gates he had entered fourteen years before.

In such a sacrifice there was the highest consolation that can sustain the mind—the testimony of conscience that Christ was honoured and the call of duty obeyed. Many of the parishioners, who were assembled weeping to witness their minister's departure, remembered that they had never seen him look more cheerful. Another great cause of rejoicing was, that during so many years there had been no bereavement in the family. There was no little grave in the old churchyard which a father's and mother's heart might feel a pang at leaving behind. As an old woman was overheard to say, "Ay, Tibbie ; the mistress can say what you and I cannot. She is taking them all with her."

Hunthill, the new temporary home, was about six miles distant from Crailing, as no house could be obtained nearer. The Sabbath came, and the people anxiously waited to know what

was to be done. The first Free Church congregation met in a field by the roadside. An old man spread his shepherd's plaid for my mother, saying, "Here, mistress; I'll try and build you a house myself." These seemed to be the old days of the Covenanters returned again, when men met on moor or hillside to worship God with liberty of conscience.

Soon afterwards a barn was offered by a stranger simply out of admiration for the suffering cause, and here services were regularly held for several months. After preaching there, my father rode on to Morebattle, a village at the foot of the Cheviot range, and preached in the open air. A congregation was thus gathered, and before my father left the neighbourhood a church had been permanently set up. It is now a most flourishing congregation, under the charge of the Rev. Peter Purves, in whom my father rejoiced to see a most able successor.

From Morebattle there was a long ride over a lonely moor to Hunthill, and much hardship and painful fatigue was undergone by my father in these missionary excursions.

Many who had been friends were alienated, and others stood aloof; but the people generally entered into the cause and rallied round the ministers. Amid all this discouragement my father enjoyed great happiness, as some of his letters will show.

To my mother, September 1843 :—

"I have much happiness in the quiet meditation of divine truth, and real enjoyment in proclaiming it. It is pleasing to see the people generally standing so well by us, but the higher classes are becoming more hostile. We must lay our account with discouragements. I am to preach on Sabbath, God willing, on Psalm xlv. 2, on the excellent loveliness of the Redeemer. If we have the knowledge of His glory, if we continue in His love, and can realise His promise, 'I will not leave you comfortless,' what have we to fear? It is blessed to feel dissociated from earthly things, to have the spirit of pilgrims. I seem to myself to have more of this feeling. Oh! I trust and pray that our whole family will be united in the grand bond of love to the Redeemer. I wish

my dear boy to have the love of his Saviour supreme in his heart, to have a delight in what is good, to have a high sense of moral integrity, to imitate the meekness and gentleness of Christ; to be humble, and prayerful, and benevolent; and if he is all this, shall we not rejoice, although he may have but a small portion of this world's good things? When I look at the cold selfishness, the ungodly vulgarity, the sordid worldliness of some youths, I cannot but trust and pray that my dear boy may be quite different from them. Let us strive much in prayer for them all."

To my brother, already referred to in the above letter, he wrote, September 25, 1843—

"HUNTHILL.

"MY DEAR BOY,—I am wearying as much to see all of you as you can be to see me; but it is the call of duty which keeps me here, and I hope you will learn at all times to prefer duty to inclination. You are not yet called to much self-denial; still there is daily room to exercise it, more or less, in yielding your own will to the

will of your parents, in resisting playful idleness, and, above all, in subduing evil tempers and feelings, and seeking to please God by becoming like Christ Jesus. I trust you always mind prayer."

In a letter at this time to Miss Hamilton, a dear Christian friend and member of his congregation, and a warm supporter of the cause of the Free Church in Roxburghshire, he wrote—

"It has been my wish all along that Mrs Milroy should be away from home at this time, when the habitation where we have enjoyed so much peaceful happiness, and the house of prayer where we have had so many precious seasons, are passing into other hands. The great support in this transition is, that the sacrifice is made in behalf of eternal truth—of truth which men may not perceive, but cannot change—of truth which is certain to prevail, and faithful testimony to which will not fail to be approved. It is quite clear both sides cannot be right; the truth of God must be on one side; and I think there are many elements to

determine that it is with us. Admitting that on the adverse side there is no direct purpose to disown the supremacy of our blessed Lord, is there any sacred jealousy to maintain it? Mere conscientiousness is no pledge of truth. It is, then, a privilege, an honour, a blessedness to make a sacrifice, a large sacrifice, in testimony to the truth that Jesus reigns—reigns in Zion—so reigns over every branch of His Church that nothing must be done contrary to His will in the view of retaining or securing temporal advantages, how great soever. This is the grand point. There is another, which we are not required to determine, viz., what is the position of those who, not perceiving, or caring to perceive, this truth implicated, take such good things as they can get? and, along with them, what is the position of those who abet them in so doing? On this point I am inclined say, Judge nothing before the time. It is enough to plant our foot on solid truth. Let others take the risk of compromising what admits of no compromise. It is painful to me to be compelled to form inwardly an unfavourable judgment, but even in

doing this, I go perhaps beyond what is my promise. It is enough for me to feel that my blessed Master has called me to this sacrifice, and perceiving this, to do it humbly, meekly, cheerfully, leaving the judgment to Him: He will judge righteously.

"But while our great support is the conviction of truth, I confess it is a consolation to me that she who forms my greatest earthly happiness is away from the scene at present.

"I hope our own place of worship will be considerably forward, and that things may wear a better aspect ere she return. One is daily receiving the admonition, 'Cease ye from man.' There is a perpetual solace in the compassionate love of our Great High Priest, and He has provided another in the new commandment charged on His disciples, to 'love one another.'

The charge has often been made against members of the Free Church, and especially the ministers, that they have exalted a mere question of Church policy into a fundamental truth of religion, and have set up Free Church principles as an arbitrary standard of spiritual

life. The following letter may serve to clear away this prejudice, as it plainly puts the different questions in their relations as they appeared to my father's mind :—

"*June* 27, 1846.—It gave me great delight to hear ——— was looking so well. Oh that her soul may also be in health and prosper. Her remark that our principles are not essential to salvation does fill me with much alarm. I should be very unwilling to affirm, that it was essential to salvation that every person should be so far advanced in discussing the application of divine truth as to the Headship of Christ, that he could have no hope without this discernment. But, on the other hand, an unwillingness to perceive truth concerning Christ, a desire to escape from it because it is associated with suffering, is a most unfavourable mark. There are two passages which prove this very clearly. The first is Matthew fifth chapter, 19th verse ; and the other is where our Lord speaks of the fearful consequence of being ashamed of *Him* or of *His words*. In regard to my own consistency in

this great question I feel perfectly at ease, for during my *whole ministry* and in *all my public actings* I maintained Christ's Rule in His Church, or, in other words, the duty of the Church to own Christ alone; and I maintained also that our Lord had bestowed privileges on His people in the election of ministers which it would be sinful to take from them, though I differed from some brethren as to the extent of these privileges. These two points I always held, these truths I always saw. But what I ought to do in order to maintain these truths, I did not see until the crisis came, when the choice lay "between consenting to merge Christ's supremacy," and losing my worldly emoluments. I never in heart hesitated a moment as to which of these alternatives I should adopt, though I did look very anxiously to see if no way of deliverance could be found, if the Lord would not open a door of escape to His Church. But, in truth, the grand question —— has to determine is not so much our Free Church, as just 'living to Christ,' or living to herself and the world.

"I have been very earnest in my desire and

hope that God would make her a bright witness for Himself, but there must be no evading of the cross, no attempt to be in friendship with the world. God has pleasure in uprightness. Over her house it must be written, 'Whatever others do, as for me I will serve the Lord.' Oh, how I should mourn that she should not glorify God henceforth, lift up a higher testimony, aim at doing something for the service of God, and be able to trample human opinion under her feet. Oh, speak to her much of the love of Christ as a reality, and God grant that she may feel its power! I confess my visit to her was an anxious and solemn visit. I was glad to see all her external comforts, but while so much is done for self-pleasing, what has been done for Jesus?"

There were many interesting incidents in connection with the services in the open air. On one occasion the people were assembled in a field, when suddenly the sky grew black, and loud peals of thunder rolled over their heads. The preacher adapted his discourse to the circumstance, and dwelt upon the solemnity of the

voice of God. The people were then dismissed, and had only reached their homes, when a most terrific storm burst over the whole neighbourhood, and lasted for the whole of that night.

The next difficulty was the building of the new church, a site for which had kindly been granted by John Paton, Esq., of Crailing House. "We want very much," my father wrote to a friend in 1843, "some persons to take a lead. I cannot tell how it is that I feel very passive in the whole matter. It is my earnest wish to advance the glory of the Redeemer by the proclamation of His precious gospel, and I humbly hope days of blessing are coming. Oh, that the place of worship about to be raised may be visited greatly by the blessed Spirit, and that there may be a true work of grace amongst the people. It is very pleasant to see all their kindness and attachment to me, but I wish it were all founded on love to our blessed Redeemer."

Mingled with this deep feeling there was a genial humour and playfulness in my father's character which sometimes appears, as in the following letter :—

"*Hunthill, October* 2, 1843. — The weighty matter of building is now settled, and will forthwith commence. The next point is the rafters and beams for roofing. I shall become quite skilled in architecture, but economy and the difficulty of imparting a taste for the simply beautiful are great obstructions."

After he had seen a Free Church built both in Crailing and in Morebattle, and their congregations fairly planted, my father's great desires were accomplished, and he now felt at liberty to accept another sphere that might be less trying to his health, which had been severely tested. No house could be obtained near Crailing, and he was warned that so great a physical strain must not be prolonged. Already he had been invited to accept the charge of a church elsewhere, but he had the feeling that he should hardly be maintaining his testimony if he accepted the charge of a prospering church, and he would not leave his struggling congregation for any prospect of worldly emolument or ease.

But when he was invited to take the charge of a poor church in Edinburgh he no longer felt

these scruples, and accepted the call as the means opened to him in Providence of doing good.

The great attraction any place could offer to him was as a sphere of preaching the message of Christ.

"It does not appear to me," he says in one of his letters, "that rank and external condition are really important features in an audience. I think intelligence and good feeling are essential qualities, and that, when there is an honest disposition to listen and consider, there should be a willingness and delight in ministering the Word. I think it is very well to take a near view of the material of which your charge is composed, that you may point your arrows and adapt your instruction to meet their need; but as a herald of divine love, it is enough for the servant of Christ that he recognises in them immortal beings needing reproof, counsel, merciful consolation, and his whole energies are required to accomplish this blessed work."

To my mother he wrote from Edinburgh, when he had first preached to the congregation

that were inviting him to become their minister, December 24, 1843:—

"I have enjoyed great peace in delivering the message of salvation, and have been able to speak simply as a messenger of the Lord, treating with needy sinners. The audience in the forenoon good, in the afternoon very large, in the evening a large church, very respectable. I can speak nothing as to results, neither can I say what I would wish. There are discouragements everywhere. Our happiness is to be where the Lord appoints us. Oh, that we could realise this complete readiness to be employed for His glory in whatever sphere He may assign us. Let us cling more and more to our precious Redeemer. Let us leave all in His hands."

To the friend in Roxburghshire already mentioned he wrote about the same matter:—

"*Edinburgh, April* 1844. — Hitherto all has prospered, although I can foresee difficulties and discouragements. There are, however, good people in the congregation who will respond to the claim I made on their

prayers. Do not be angry with the people of Crailing, and do not speak about the matter to any one. Already the adversaries have heard of my hardship. Let us keep silence and endure all things for the truth's sake. Most anxiously do I feel about Crailing. I hope they will unite on Mr Anderson. You cannot imagine how much and how anxiously I think about them. I am most earnest that the cause of God may be maintained in that locality, so do say everything to encourage them."

Again, "Do all you can to exhort the Crailing people to unity and love and zeal for the truth."

In another letter he says :—

"I am always much interested in hearing anything about Crailing. Oh, that many may there be subdued to Christ, that He may reign in the willing subjection of His enemies. He must reign, that is certain, but how different the issues: willing subjection now, with eternal peace and blessedness; constrained subjection at last in the infliction of righteous vengeance!

"Do not, I beseech you, be concerned about

any honour being given to me from man. Any faithful labours are recorded by God, and will not pass unrewarded. It is a poor and narrow thing to be contending to whose instrumentality good is to be ascribed. God knows all. The great thing is, let the good be done. Rejoice in this, encourage this, pray for this, never mind the instrument. There is much room for good being done. Oh, that people might live before God! Bear up and countenance Mr Anderson. I am glad to hear there appears a movement in Jedburgh among the young. Let God be glorified, let Jesus be revealed to souls, let His name be magnified."

Amid all his labours and discouragements the people of Crailing were never forgotten in my father's thoughts and prayers, and he watched with an intense yearning for tidings of fruit in the field where he had sown the seed.

In 1847 he wrote:—

"Amid my duties here, my old friends and former scene of labour intermingle with my thoughts. Nothing can refresh me more than to hear of those I love, and of good being done in

the portion of the Vineyard over which I watched."

The parish of Crailing had thus been the subject of many prayers. Of the same neighbourhood, Samuel Rutherford, who, as already mentioned, was born in the parish, in a letter written 1655, in which he regrets his being unable to visit that quarter, and speaking of the state of religion, said—

"*My heart's desire is, that the place to which I owe my first breathing may blossom as the rose.*"

CHAPTER V.

THE congregation of which my father had accepted the charge was known as Henderson Church, and was a very poor one. To some it seemed an act of unnecessary self-sacrifice, almost of simplicity, to engage in such a struggling enterprise, and he was well warned by kindly and sagacious friends of the difficulties he was undertaking.

To a friend who had written to dissuade him from the task, he wrote Feb. 5, 1844—

"I am certainly moved in no small degree by your representations. They are new light to me. Still, as I judged according to the light I had, and upon representations from the congregation, I feel myself justified in coming to the resolu-

tion I adopted. The matter is thus in the hands of the Church. I have felt willing to serve God in the gospel, and to advance the cause of the Free Church wherever I might most effectually do so. I certainly considered Henderson Church an important sphere, and although not uninfluenced by the prospect of facilities for education, I would not have given it the preference, but for the conviction of its presenting a wide field of usefulness, difficult indeed, but its difficulties not insurmountable."

The difficulties soon began, as the old church proved too small, and the congregation had to wait long till a suitable church could be obtained, meeting in the meantime in a hired hall. My father bore the discouragements of the situation as few, I believe, could have done, after the loss of a position so congenial to his tastes. He had enjoyed the aspects of scenery that the country affords, and had been particularly fond of riding on horseback, to which he refers in a letter to my brother:—

"*13th May* 1844.

"MY DEAREST DAVID,—I am glad to know you are enjoying yourself so much at Mossburnford. I could sometimes enjoy a scamper very much, but on the whole I enjoy Edinburgh greatly.

"I look forward to your coming to town as a great matter for your improvement, and yet I am almost sorry you are to lose the healthful country. For my own part, I like Edinburgh very much. If you were all here, I should be very happy. Every place is happy where we have the blessing of God. Remember this, and be always anxious to please God, and enjoy His favour in Christ Jesus. I often think of you when I see the boys about your size playing. I hope you are getting a good deal of riding. We shall have no chance of that enjoyment here."

To a friend, *April* 5, 1845 :—

"I daresay the country will be very pleasant at present. I used to enjoy this season immensely, and now I seldom think about it; so

little does happiness depend on external objects. To-morrow it will be a year since I bade farewell to my loved people at Crailing. How much goodness and mercy have followed me in my onward path! I am in health more vigorous, in labour fully occupied without being harassed or fatigued, in encouragement not without hope, from the interested attendance of the people; in worldly matters certainly not advanced, but when we have health, quiet, usefulness, where is room for complaint? Godliness with contentment is great gain.

"I do not recollect if I have written to you since the death of Mrs ———. Hers was a truly tranquil, placid, triumphant deathbed. It was beautiful to behold the struggle of humble faith clinging to her Redeemer and rejoicing in Him. How real and how availing is His gracious care: 'Thy rod and staff comfort me.' Let us hope some good work is still going on at Crailing."

26th July 1845:—"I am kept very busy. Yesterday was the anniversary of our leaving the manse of Crailing. In looking back

I have perfect satisfaction in that surrender in so blessed a cause, and I could not but feel how much cause of gratitude we have to our Heavenly Father, who has led and fed us all along, who has sustained and cheered and blessed us amid circumstances of no ordinary discouragement. Oh, for faith to trust Him evermore, and to disregard outward adversity, rejoicing in His uplifted countenance.

"I trust ——— is discovering some relish for divine truth. The soul is dark and poor without this knowledge."

The pleasure and solace my father derived from communion with nature appear in his description of the country retreat which twenty years afterwards became his own, and where he spent the last days of his life.

He had gone there on a visit for a short vacation, and thus writes:—

"*Forthside, Stirling, August* 8, 1845. — Everybody here is kind to us, so that we cannot enjoy so much quiet as we would wish. To look upon the mountains with their different

lights and shadows, to mark the windings of the silent stream, to satiate my eye with the rich verdure of the woods, and to be stirred to better thoughts by the waving abundance of coming harvest,—this is to me an interlude of almost perfect enjoyment, when I have with me those I love and behold them all in health, and have around me Christian friends, and am separated even for a while from a cold and selfish world, and have nothing to do with its business or its cares. Yet even this were soon unsatisfying, were it enjoyed for itself, and not as recreative for mind and body, not as a means to continued service of that Redeemer to 'live to whom' is not less an obligation than it is a blessedness. Oh, for a spiritual taste and perception to apprehend more of His beauty and divine excellence, a beauty shadowed forth by the lovely images of nature. He is the Plant of Renown, the Living Vine, Rivers of Waters, the Rock of Ages, the Rock from which streams of refreshment flow."

"*Largs, 9th September* 1847.—We arrived here on a visit to a kind Christian lady, Miss Pollok. It is a beautiful place. The view of

the sea, with the isle of Cumbrae near, and the hills of Arran in the distance, is very grand. What a gracious harvest this is! How compassionate is our Lord! I should have enjoyed much to have spent a few days in the former scene of my labours, and looked abroad on the fields 'yielding their increase,' and marked the work of the Lord advancing in souls dear to me, but my way has not yet been opened, and I have been hindered by one engagement after another. In my present sphere I have much to occupy me, much to discourage, much to interest, a wide field of exertion, but many hindrances. I preached last Sabbath from the Lamentations of Jeremiah iii. 22: It is of the Lord's mercies we are not consumed, and because His compassions fail not,' and illustrated it from God's dealings with the yet unconverted, and also from the poor returns of believers notwithstanding all their privileges.

"Mr Charles Brown and his wife are here also on a visit. He is a precious man, very able and very spiritual. I enjoy his society much.

"One feels how strong is the link that binds

friends together in Christ; how closely and cordially they are united in heart, although separated by time and place, and what a refreshment it is in this wilderness when permitted in God's providence to meet together.

"My whole visit (to Crailing) was interesting. The occasion, the scene, the sympathies of the people, the solemn remembrances. How much loving-kindness experienced there! How many mercies had descended on my head! How little fruit of labour! In how many cases had the truth failed to touch the soul and recover it to God, and yet still the Word had not altogether returned void. The pleasure of the Lord to some extent had been accomplished, and the candlestick was still left, not removed out of its place; evangelic doctrine still maintained."

My father's tenderness in dealing with the sick was an especial feature in his character, which made his visits highly prized by invalids. He did not seek to frighten them into penitence by exhibiting the terrors of the world to come, but to win them by dwelling on the love of God. I remember, how, when sent for to visit a poor

travelling Jew who was dying of cholera at Leven, he charged the attendants not to attempt to force Christianity upon the poor sufferer, but rather to read to him the psalms which contained prophetically the doctrine of Christ.

In the same spirit he wrote to a lady who was concerned about the spiritual state of a dear relative dangerously ill :—

"I trust you are able to commend him to God, who 'delighteth in mercy.' In writing to him do not care so much to make him aware he is drawing near death, as to bring before him the love of Jesus, and engage him to cast his burden on the Lamb of God. I have known of instances in which the sick could speak calmly of approaching dissolution without giving any evidence of 'fleeing from the wrath to come;' so do not be too anxious on this point.

"You are right not to venture to church, excepting when the weather is mild. Mercy and not sacrifice is the rule of the blessed dispensation under which we are placed.

"I have no doubt you will have great pleasure as well as profit in Venu's Life. The

Church of England wants much men of his faith and zeal in the present day. I suppose Baptist Noel and others stand passively ready to be thrust out, but it may be that a living and powerful testimony shall yet be raised there to the truth of God. There seems more of vital religion in the laity than clergy."

A visit to Manchester, undertaken in 1845, for the purpose of assisting the Presbyterian congregation newly planted there, under the charge of Mr Cowe, he thus describes:—

"My impressions of Manchester are, on the whole, favourable. The Sabbath seems to be outwardly observed, the mass of the people to be orderly and prosperous, and the general aspect of the place active and pleasing. A minister here may have an extensive field of labour, but he will require to be very spiritual and devoted to be the instrument of much good. A quiet, resolute pursuit of wealth appears to be the distinctive feature of the influential classes, accompanied in many with a general respect for the claims of religion."

The work of building a new church entailed

new difficulties and disappointments. A scheme was entered upon for erecting a church on the site of John Knox's house in Edinburgh, as a memorial to the great Reformer; and through my father's exertions and the help of his friends the ground was secured. The scheme was at first warmly entered into. Dr Candlish announced in the Commission of Assembly that "It was proposed to erect a suitable monument to the great Reformer, John Knox, to consist of a massy tower and two places of worship, one for the Gaelic congregation and the other for the congregation now worshipping in what was called Henderson Church. Ground had been obtained by parties interested in the proposal, and they might regard themselves, therefore, as free to announce to all Scotland, and to all Presbyterians, the construction of this noble undertaking, and he felt that the universal consent of every sound heart would be given to the fact that the work and the spot had fallen into the hands of the right body."

The foundation-stone of the church for my father was laid with applause; but after all, the

work had to be abandoned for want of support, and the congregation continued to meet in a hired hall as before.

My father bore the disappointment patiently, and could even indulge in his quiet humour in writing to some friends :—

"*July* 14, 1846.—I find the High School Hall spacious, elegant, airy, and delightful to preach in. It is far too large. Our congregation can only a little more than half fill it. I feel myself, as it were, preaching to a residuary attendance. You must *all* come to town, and help to fill it, else, as I was told the other day, I shall get the character of an unpopular preacher. It does not signify, if the gospel is carried home with power to souls. The people are apparently earnest and attentive, but are dispirited by the delay in commencing our new church, and the hard times rather injure their contributions to it. Still I have much cause for thankfulness: health to labour, delight in labouring, some congenial society, cause to hope that the Word preached is not in vain ; and then the thought how soon all will be over with our connection

with what is material, reconciles me to be without any fixed church, if only I am instrumental in gathering perishing souls, and in bringing to Jesus those who shall be living stones in the Temple of the Redeemed. There is, however, some prospect of the church going on speedily."

How far these living stones were being built up may appear from the following notices in a letter of my father's:—

"*December* 3, 1847.—It is quite true I have many difficulties and discouragements, but I feel very happy in my ministry. Death carried away two of my members lately, a young woman and Mr Kemp, an advanced and eminent Christian. I frequently saw the young woman, and have reason to believe 'she leaned on the Beloved.'

"Mr Kemp was a dear saint. The last conversation of any length I had with him was upon the 'wonderful change experienced by the finite spirit of man in passing into the presence of God.' He is a great loss to our congregation."

"*June* 28, 1848.—We trust all to meet in

autumn; the particular time will depend on the opening of our new church, as I do not wish to leave town until this takes place. Meanwhile we have been subjected to much inconvenience, our lease of the Waterloo Rooms having expired. We now meet in the Synod Hall, Queen Street. It is a splendid place, but expensive, and not convenient for many of the people; but I am very little influenced by place, and realise more and more the abstract and intrinsic preciousness of the gospel."

To the Revolution then raging in France he thus refers in the same letter:—"What gratitude do we owe to our Heavenly Father for quiet and peace, when we behold the agitations, tumults, and dreadful events going on in other places.

"The world is receiving a lesson in this dear-bought experience of the vanity of man's wisdom to produce even temporal wellbeing, and of the necessity of submission to Christ, whose yoke is easy and His burden light.' Then they shall find rest to their souls."

"25*th September* 1848.—I am now trying to settle down again to steady work, and in

the review of my visit to gather material for renewed energy and zeal. I am the more and more persuaded our Church has great work to accomplish, a high vocation to fulfil, and how earnestly ought she to gird herself for its discharge. Here lies the difficulty, here the danger, even of keeping alive a sense of obligation, and a readiness to follow the Lord whithersoever He calls us. I have felt gratified in revisiting my people to behold their organised and steadfast condition, but I have desiderated spiritual life and earnestness, greater consciousness of the blessed dignity and responsibility of their position, more confidence in the assertion of high principles, and realising expectation of the triumphs of the Redeemer's cause. I am not without anxiety for the progress of evangelic truth, not that my fear arises from *without*, but from within. Let us look up and cry, 'Help, Lord.'"

At last, in 1848, a building in the High Street, obscure and difficult of access, was bought, and adapted as far as possible to the purposes of a church; and here the congrega-

tion was settled under the name of the "Free Tron."*

Seven years after the Disruption, he wrote the following address to his old parish :—

"NISBET, *September* 28, 1850.

"Full seven years have passed over us since you were called to take your position as a church, protesting for the precious doctrine of the Redeemer's supremacy in Zion.

"The period that has intervened has been marked by signal events and striking occurrences, wherein God has been speaking to the inhabitants of the world. Convulsions of nations, overthrow of kingdoms, wars and fierce contendings, pestilence and death, the fall of illustrious men, and commercial disasters, have in this time occupied the public mind, and have been recognised by God's children as messages charged with solemn instruction. And now, in looking back, the question may perhaps suggest itself to some minds, Was the principle involved such as

* The building has now been sold (1875), and a new church is about to be erected for the congregation in Chambers Street.

really to demand all the effort and sacrifice, and suffering and conflict that it has cost, and can we for a moment hesitate to answer yes? As involving the glory of Christ as King in Zion and privileges of His people, it was worth it all, being substantially the very principle for which saints and martyrs contended unto death.

"But another question may be asked: Has the testimony borne to this great and solemn truth produced the blessed fruits that have been anticipated? This we must answer, first, by acknowledging the good that has certainly been done, in a testimony being given to the power of religious principle, in the attention of mankind being called to the claims of the Saviour, and in many souls being actually awakened.

"But we must answer also by acknowledging how far short our Church has come of her grand vocation, short in the labours of her ministers, still more in the sustained consistency and self-denying devotedness of her members.

"Never can I cease to look with affectionate interest on your position as called to maintain a pure gospel in this locality. High is the honour

and great the responsibility. Invested with the spiritual oversight of this parish, I made it my aim to urge on every man an actual submission to Christ at whatever cost, and in the demission of my temporal advantages I gave the proof of the sincerity of that demand which I urged in the name of the Lord. You, then, who have followed our testimony should feel yourselves called to live as under Christ your King, as pledged to advance His glory."

The following letter, written twenty years after leaving Crailing, will show how faithfully he had watched for the souls of his parishioners:—

"*24th April* 1863.—I have engaged to go to Crailing at the approaching communion. I feel this a very solemn thing, in some views very pleasing, in others very trying, to go back in solemn review on the days and years that have intervened since I left that spot; to retrace goodness and mercies which have ever followed me, to realise the present loving-kindness of the Lord, and to bear witness there of my delight in His service, a delight shared in by Mrs Milroy and us all. All this is very sweet and precious, but to miss those

I loved, to recognise the sad and sorrowful blanks, to feel they are gone, and I shall see them no more here below, this is trying, especially to mark how many changes there have been over which darkness and doubt do seem to hang, to think of the fruitlessness of man's opposition to the glory of Christ, and imagine how much sweeter and happier it would have been if all had seen 'eye to eye' in promoting the kingdom—all this crowding into view is somewhat overwhelming. And yet I have a feeling always that the Lord has purposes of mercy towards that place and neighbourhood, and will make His glorious gospel to prevail."

The people of Crailing and Morebattle on their part always retained the warmest recollection of my father's good work, and the lapse of time did not diminish their regard. The Free Church minister of Morebattle, the Rev. P. Purves, a valued friend of my father, thus writes,—"I know something of what he was in his Christian gentleness and lovingness. He has always been loved and gratefully remembered in Morebattle, as in every other place where he has laboured in his Master's cause."

CHAPTER VI.

MY father's great exertions at the time of the Disruption and subsequently, now began to show their effects upon his health, and in 1849 he had a very dangerous illness.

To a friend he wrote on 18th Jan. 1849:—

"Since I wrote to you, it has seemed good to our Heavenly Father to visit me with chastening and trial. I have been brought to look closely into the valley of the shadow of death. In itself it is very dark, but when the eye is fixed on the glorious One who hath swallowed up death in victory, its darkness is lost in the brightness of effulgent light. To be persuaded that He is able to keep that which we have committed to Him, and to be really leaning on Him as all our salvation, is the attitude of mind

in which we can say 'to die is gain.' At the same time the Accuser is very subtle, and does awaken doubts in a way adapted to cover his artifice—as, for example, by presenting before the mind errors, failures, lapses, and singling out some peculiar manifestation of feebleness, whereby to bring into question our relationship to Jesus. But the Holy Spirit 'maketh complaint for the saints' (Rom. viii.).

"I think the Adversary does take advantage of bodily pain and weakness, and then how blessed to know that 'One remembers we are dust,' and will not suffer us to be tried above that we are able to bear; and besides, how much of tenderness may be traced in the progress of disease, in the circumstances of mercy and mitigation, as well as in the providential arrangements whereby the mind is soothed. 'I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness' (Hosea ii. 14), but the difficulty is the vineyards. Alas! how little fruitfulness, how little impression from trouble, how little understanding of its design!

"I feel this much. I bless God for my re-

storation, for the privilege of again speaking the precious gospel; but what have I learned in trouble? It is a fearful thing to allow affliction to pass unimproved. Blessed is the man whom Thou chastenest and teachest out of Thy law. I am reading Dr Chalmers' 'Sabbath Scripture Readings'—a delightful book, which opens up the true character of the man, and shows how he carried all his conflicts about the Church questions to the throne of grace."

Of a friend who had sustained a pecuniary loss he writes:—

"*March* 6, 1849.—I know —— will bear it meekly; and I know, also, the Lord will overrule it for good. Still, I cannot but regret that it has occurred. The loss of worldly substance is a real privation, and is felt by the believer—not certainly with the desolateness that the worldly experience, but with the regret natural to the closing of an avenue of usefulness, as drying up a stream of beneficence. My own health is gradually re-establishing, but I am still unfit for much exertion. I am able to preach on Sabbath, but when I attempt more I am thrown

back; so I am become very quiet indeed. On Sabbath my text was Heb. vi. 20, 'The Forerunner, even Jesus, entered within the veil.' Oh, to have our eyes more intently fixed on the great Precursor, who is in heaven as our Head and Surety, as our Almighty Guardian, and who is leading us thither by the very path in which He Himself has gone, the path of holiness and suffering."

"*May* 21, 1849.—My text yesterday afternoon was Jer. xvii. 12–14. How blessed was the prophet in recognising the throne, or rather Him who sits upon it—glorious, high, eternal in all His perfections—as his refuge and hiding-place. Jeremiah's days were dark and troublous, the people of God were oppressed, yet the prophet could look from his own position of security as having the glorious, high, everlasting throne for his sanctuary, and sincerely mourn over the doom awaiting the worldly and impenitent, even the doom of being recorded as 'revolters in the earth,' for so one of the clauses may be rendered. It is satisfying to find our Church taking root; but we must not rest on the plat-

form of external means, but look up for the effusion of the blessed Spirit.

"By the by, do you know that an individual has actually given over £10,000 or £12,000 to the Free Church — £7000 for education? I believe he has been employed in *farming*, has prospered, and chooses to do good in his life-time. Here is an example. Let others imitate it as they are able (a word to agriculturists)."

The enforced idleness which convalescence enjoined upon him was very distasteful. "It is rather an unpleasant feeling," he writes from Dysart in August 1849, "to be in a place without attempting to do any good, chiefly occupied about one's self; but this is my position here, and in a place where, notwithstanding of great advantages enjoyed in time past, there is deep indifference, a certain arbitrary standard of morality and religion, and a self-satisfaction in not being notoriously short of this conventional gauge. The Disruption does not seem to have produced great effect here, excepting that Mr Thomson, the late pastor, a truly godly man, took with him the truly pious, several of whom

happened to be favoured as to outward means and worldly position."

The school for blind children was one of the public objects in which my father took great interest, to which he refers in a letter, 10th December 1849:—

"I was at a public meeting for the Blind Children's School. The Duke of Argyle presided. He is an interesting man, and speaks fairly; but he is on the wrong tack, inasmuch as he fancies he will do most good by taking no side as between the Free and Established Church. It is a vain imagination; only he has happily a detestation of Popery and Puseyism, in which we cordially concur."

In 1850 the 93d Regiment of Sutherland Highlanders came to Edinburgh, and the great majority belonging to the Free Church, they requested permission to attend my father's ministry. They were a very fine body of men, many of them being truly Christian soldiers, and ready to face any obstacle in maintaining their Christian profession. With many of them my father kept up a lively friendship, and their

zeal in Christian effort gave him great pleasure and encouragement. They were regular attendants at the prayer-meeting and the Sabbath-school. Tall, stalwart sergeants invaded the neighbouring closes of the High Street to beat up recruits for the class. The ragged urchins could not resist the fascination of the red coat, and with mingled awe and curiosity followed the Highlanders into the schoolroom where several of the soldiers took part in teaching.

"I continue," my father writes in 1850 (May 17th), "to feel a lively interest in the soldiers, and find many of them devoted Christians. A sergeant presented his child for baptism last Sabbath forenoon in presence of his fellow-soldiers, a most enlightened and earnest man. He related to me his trials in confessing Christ, and his victory, with great simplicity.

"You would like the warm piety of the soldiers. They assist us in our Sabbath-school, and also take part in the prayer-meetings. The other evening, having heard of our child's illness, they were very special in remembering her before God, and commending her to His gracious care.

"She is a dear child; I believe has 'the root of the matter' in her, and a heart of love to her Saviour. She is so meek and gentle, so considerate of her mamma's feelings, so anxious to appear better for her sake, and yet so calm in her own spirit, that I feel it almost impossible to enter with her into these blessed themes which occupy her mind without being overcome. So much of weakness cleaves to us."

Of his labours generally at this time (1850) my father writes:—

"I have much enjoyment in my work, and I am not without the hope of good being done. Our communion was a very solemn season. Our prayer-meetings are well attended, and a class for young people promises to have a large number. It is at once encouraging and impressive to meet with persons from time to time under strong convictions. I know that we have among the military not a few who are men of earnest prayer, and I trust the Lord will yet do great things amongst us."

"23*d June* 1852.—We have had a great deal of affliction in the congregation. The daughter

of one person who died told me that while her mother was ill she had said to her,—'Is it not a pity Mr Milroy is in the country and cannot be with you?' to which she replied: 'Mr Milroy has been with me.' They reminded her I was out of town, and said among themselves her mind is wandering, on which she answered, 'No, I know Mr Milroy is in the country, but he has been present to me by his doctrine; his Master has been with me.' Was not this very good? I regretted, however, not having seen her in life."

"*August* 12, 1852.—The last volume of Chalmers' Life is very well done indeed, and will, I hope, have the effect of making the real points involved in our Church conflict better understood. For my own part, I am weary of the details of controversy, and like to dwell on the one vital view, viz., the Headship of the Blessed Saviour, and to regard the position of our Church and all her trials as bearing witness to this, and oh, then, for our people, office-bearers, and ministers, just to be in all things holding up this testimony, recognising in their own practice

Christ's sovereign title to homage, and boldly declaring His righteous claims.

"I am trying to write a sermon for Sabbath from these words, 'In Thy presence is fulness of joy,' &c. (Ps. xvi.). How soul-satisfying a contemplation! Oh, to realise our assured interest in this blessedness! In order to this we must ever be going back to the essential ground of hope, the Saviour's finished work, for although the work of grace in us is a proof of interest, we can often see so much of imperfection as to doubt the certitude of this work in us, and so are driven back as at first to the woman's place, 'Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs under their master's table.'

"I assisted Mr Huie at Dirleton some time ago. I think he is doing good there. I felt it very solemn to preach there, not having done so for nearly twenty years, when Mr Stark was alive. I found many changes. A person showed me the text marked in her Bible from which I preached at that time. It was in the 50th Psalm, 'Gather together My saints unto Me.'

"Mr Walker of Perth was with me to-day—always spiritual and refreshing."

In 1852 much interest was excited in Scotland about the imprisonment of the Madiai, to which he refers, December 20, 1852:—

"I have no doubt this country might do much to procure the release of the Madiai, by a distinct and strong expression of official opinion, but a sort of timidity has pervaded our diplomatic relations. I scarce expect matters to be better under this change of Ministry. They cannot well be worse as to Foreign Affairs. If Palmerston had been Foreign Secretary we should have had more vigour. I was preaching on Sabbath on the parable of the net cast into the sea; dwelling prominently on two ideas—the freeness of the gospel, and the need of each individual looking anxiously forward to the time of separation.

"In the evening I preached in the Gaelic church from Genesis, 'All these things are against me,' in which I endeavoured to show that it is only in a limited sense this can be said of temporal calamities, but may be said

absolutely of whatever draws us into sin. How difficult it is to feel as we ought, that the 'Lord doth all things well.'"

Again and again there are references in his letters to his parish, which, as a neighbouring minister truly says, had entwined itself around his heart:—

"*May* 3, 1853.—The country must be looking beautiful. I would give something to get a look of the haughs of Teviot and slopes of Nisbet, but I must be content without it, remembering how little after all our happiness depends on such sources. The sight of the glorious Redeemer as revealed in His Word, employment in His blessed service *passively* or *actively*, and the reciprocation of mutual affection among minds loyal to their Head,—these are our chief earthly felicities."

Of Crailing, he writes—

"You have no idea how sweet to me good tidings are from that spot. The gospel, I believe, is daily gaining triumphs, and is wielding a mightier influence in the affairs of men. The kingdom will be given to the saints of

the Most High. All changes are verging towards this consummation. I have great delight in anticipating Messiah's triumph."

My father maintained a personal interest in each of his old parishioners, and was much affected on hearing of the death of any.

"I was affected," he writes, 5th December 1854, "to hear of poor Andrew Telford's death, and could not help thinking it was a fine passage in his history when he asked me in his blunt honesty, after the last sermon, to whom he was to give the keys of the church."

Of another—

"I was grieved to hear of the death of Thomas Hall. How rapidly my former flock are passing away, causing me to feel now the force of these words, 'I am a stranger in the earth, hide not Thy laws from me.' Oh, how blessed if we could improve our conscious incertitude of continuance here as an argument for larger discoveries of divine truth and richer communications of divine grace. It seems to have been so with David."

"*Dysart, August* 29, 1853.—I wish we could

learn the lesson of being more earnest in our spiritual converse with friends while they are continued with us.

"I preached here yesterday. Mr Walker, the minister here, a nice young man, going over for me. Dr John Brown preached in the forenoon. He took for his text, Job vii. 16: 'I would not live alway,'—a very striking sermon, in which he showed how much reason the believer had to desire that his continuance in this world should not be unduly prolonged, from his experience of inward conflict and imperfection, and from the blessedness and glory of the prospect on his leaving this world. I was much delighted with it. Dr Brown quoted a striking passage from Howe, to the effect how happy it is when death becomes an object of hope, inasmuch as we are sure this hope will not be disappointed; for though enemies may thwart the believer in many things, they cannot hinder the approach of death, and 'to him to die is gain.'"

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN in 1854 the Crimean war broke out, my brother, who had just finished his studies with great distinction at the University of Edinburgh, accepted a commission with the desire of seeing active service. The first break in the family was a great trial to my father; and with earnest prayer he followed my brother in all the dangers to which he was often exposed in the long siege of Sebastopol. In the following letter, written to my brother on the eve of sailing for Turkey, he sets before him the dangers to spiritual life he would meet with:—

"EDINBURGH, *May* 5, 1854.

"MY DEAREST DAVID,—The future is to us dark and unknown, excepting that we know

this, 'All things shall be made to work together for good to them that love God, the called according to His purpose.'

"I feel your going away to be a very solemn matter. By God's blessing it may do you much good, it may prove to you the reality of Scripture representations, and strengthen holy resolutions, so that you shall come back established in spiritual character and aims, and fitted for great usefulness. This is the side of the picture on which I delight to dwell, and to believe will be realised. But there is another side, against which it is well to be warned. There is danger of your falling down from the good impressions you have realised, adopting a worldly standard of sentiment and character, and gliding into the selfish and monotonous style of worldly feeling and pursuit. Unconsciously almost you will feel an adverse influence pressing in upon you, which you will be able to resist only by careful and constant study of the Word of God, accompanied with earnest prayer. You must resist the tendency to depend for your happiness on any excitement. You will keep inflexibly to the

moral side of the New Testament, made easy to you by the love of Christ.

"I do not wish you to obtrude your views and principles on others, but to be steadfast, unmovable in your own feelings and conduct. The Christian life must be a warfare. To that life you stand pledged by many solemn antecedents, so be strong in dependence on the grace of God."

My brother was at once plunged into the heart of danger, being present with his regiment in the charge up the heights of Alma, and constantly exposed to the fire of the Russian picquets, while going his rounds in the trenches before Sebastopol. Many and fervent were the prayers my father put up for my brother's preservation, and he delighted to believe that they would be answered.

"We have heard from David," he wrote to a friend, October 14, 1854, asking for prayers on his behalf, "from Balaklava. He has passed through a great deal of hardship and danger, having been under the fire of the enemy; but he has been preserved, and says he is in good

health. Oh, we render thanks on his account to our Heavenly Father, whose distinguishing goodness we have experienced; and yet so weak are we that after all this tender dealing, we still fear and are filled with harassing anxiety. Oh, how much I value your prayers, and specially for our dear boy. He writes so feelingly, regretting that so little can be done to relieve and refresh the wounded, and he describes the whole scene as so very awful. It so occupies our thoughts that one is apt to neglect duties."

"*May* 23, 1855.—We heard from David yesterday, in health and graciously preserved; he had been in the trenches on the night of 7th and morning of 8th May. In passing from one part to another he was met by the cry, 'The Russians are on us.' Some did actually penetrate within the parapet, but were speedily repulsed. This is frightful work, and makes us sadly anxious. Oh, remember to wield prayer in our behalf. We have been very dull by hearing of the death of a Lieutenant White, an acquaintance of David's, who was killed by a shot from the enemy. He was a promising young

man, thoughtful and reflecting. Such occurrences come home to our hearts, and make us feel our absolute dependence on the sovereign goodness of God. David feels all this very much, and yet his heart seems very much in his professional work amongst them."

"*February* 12, 1855.—David writes cheerfully, and says things are improving. He takes a calm and dispassionate view of matters, and while he admits that there has been mismanagement, he considers much of the suffering unavoidable in such an enterprise. The defective supply of food, and the excessive amount of labour and duty, have been the great causes of disease among the troops. I hope Lord Panmure's appointment will tend to introduce amendment in many ways."

"*October* 5, 1855.—Yesterday we had the happiness to hear from dearest David, a most interesting letter, detailing an exploration of Sebastopol, with the view of ascertaining its suitableness for our troops. Another of his officers was sinking from the effects of wounds. David was much occupied about him, both as to his

body and soul. Alas, what scenes! We almost live amongst them, for our dear boy is rarely from our minds by day or night."

By the mercy of God my dear brother was preserved from all the dangers of the war, and remained in the army, where, by his consistent and holy life, he showed a bright example of a Christian officer.

Ten years afterwards he fell a victim to the scourge of pestilence in Bermuda, where he had been sent to administer relief to the sufferers from yellow fever. The numerous testimonies to his Christian excellence, received from all quarters after his death, show what abundant fruit my father's prayers and counsels had borne in my brother's life.

The following are some of the letters in which my father sought to deepen religious impressions in his son, and to urge him to a decided Christian life:—

"*January* 1, 1856.—I trust our Heavenly Father, who has so wonderfully preserved you, will invigorate your bodily health, and vouchsafe you that guidance as to your career which you

stand in need of. I pray also that you may have your judgment matured on the subject of divine truth, and your heart thoroughly engaged to the following of Christ. Oh, I do desire that there may be in you a blessed perception of the evil and misery of sin, and an earnest choosing of Christ as your Shelter, your Atonement, your Righteousness, your Friend, your All. There are often connected with the substance of real good, certain peculiarities which render spiritual religion open to the charge of feebleness and inconsistency, and so I do not know that I can point to any actual human example I should like you to follow in all things, though there are many whose general principles I should recommend as separating them from a world lying in wickedness, a poor, self-seeking, truckling, cowardly, dishonest world, how much soever its real character may be hid. I believe your convictions to be of a right kind, but decision is of vast value, and there is great benefit in joining ourselves to the Lord in an everlasting covenant never to be forgotten.

"I am the more anxious about this because I

believe that when the heart is truly given to God, then He guides and blesses the career of life to the advancement of His glory and our individual comfort. 'Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness.'"

"EDINBURGH, *Nov.* 19, 1856.

"MY DEAREST DAVID,— . . . I was much pleased with your reflection on the danger of lapsing into coldness on spiritual things. This is an evil against which you must constantly strive, and the best means of so doing are diligent study of the Word, with earnest prayer for the teaching of the Holy Spirit to guide into all truth, and also the converse of Christian friends. I think you should try to converse with Mr Sutherland on religious subjects. It would be acceptable to him, and might be useful to you. I can quite enter into your feeling, for I have felt it when I was in France; but it is to be resisted and prayed against. Indeed, the Christian life is a perpetual conflict. We must take to ourselves the whole armour of God. Our Lord's charge is, 'Watch

and pray. What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch.' "

"EDINBURGH, *Dec.* 16, 1856.

"MY DEAREST DAVID,—This is your birthday, and you are much present to my heart. The Lord has dealt bountifully with you in time past, and has graciously brought you up to this present hour. Renew the dedication of yourself to be the Lord's, and commit your way to Him, resolving to conduct life on the great principle of submission to the Saviour, acting out His charge, 'Follow thou Me,' and mingling as much as possible *meditation* on the Word and *prayer* with the daily business of life."

This Christian simplicity and unworldliness, which my father so urges upon his son in these letters, was in great measure the characteristic of his own mind. As a friend, afterwards referred to, the Rev. James Black, of Dunikier, writes,—"He was a rare example of that Christian grace, 'the meekness of wisdom.' "

Worldly wisdom, self-seeking and self-asserting, he maintained, should have no place

either in the Christian character or in the Church.

About this time there were keen debates in the Free Church Presbytery of Edinburgh, but my father had no sympathy with controversy, and hence he never took the prominent place in Church "politics" which his knowledge and experience might have entitled him to do. There was nothing that he deprecated more earnestly than the introduction of a worldly policy into the councils of the Church. Whenever he did come forward in discussion, it was generally in defence of some cause which he thought was harshly or unworthily treated.

He did not court popularity, but the weak were sure of finding in him a warm defender, and anything approaching to injustice he denounced with an almost chivalrous indignation.

"These controversies and disputes," he wrote in 1855, "do not affect me as they do many. I think there is a healthful influence in free discussion, and while I am against Dr Cunningham on the subject of College extension, I

agree with him in thinking that there has been too much of human feeling in the conduct of the affairs of the Church. Much evil has arisen from too much planning and management; and while, I doubt not, all has been intended for the good of the Church, yet the very seeking to accomplish special objects and conduct the general government of the Church by combination of influence rather than by a simple holding forth of the objects sought in the light of the Word of God and principles of our Church, could not but lead to disagreement, and it is well that there is now a speaking out. . . . . We all regretted Mr Sym's death. He was a good man, imbued with the love of souls."

My father, I have said, found no attraction in the details of public controversy. He was utterly without any ambition to be known as a leader in ecclesiastical party questions. His great delight was in the society of Christian friends, and there were perhaps few whose correspondence and an interest in whose prayers were more highly prized by the friends who knew him best.

Of the refreshment he derived from this source of happiness he writes to a friend, referring to a visit to Crailing, October 5, 1855 :—

"It was a great refreshment to me to meet with my very dear friends. It is one of the sweetest consolations on earth to be allowed to hold fellowship with endeared spirits, and I think the memory of it is blessed, and yet, perhaps, it awakens so many touching and tender associations, so many thoughts of retrospect and of anticipation, so much that is bright and cheering, mingled with so much that is solemn and almost overwhelming, for instance, 'How far have I made full proof of my ministry?' that I daresay it is best for me not to revisit these hallowed scenes too often, much as I love them."

One distinguishing feature of my father's was his great delight in prayer and belief in its efficacy. Not only was he in the habit of constantly withdrawing for communion with his God, but he hardly ever concluded a letter to any of his family without inviting us to meet

often in prayer, and pointing out the blessedness of it.

To my sister he wrote :—

"*Hastings, February* 24, 1858.—My dearest Janet, I did not forget to think of you on your birthday, and to desire best blessings for you. Oh, how I wish all our children to be truly children of God, led by the Spirit, and calling God Father. This, too, is dear mamma's earnest desire. A Christian life is assuredly the happiest. Strive to be altogether Christ's. What a blessed refuge prayer is! I have felt happy in commending you all to the love of our Heavenly Father, and in thinking of your happiness as knit together by affection and love to Jesus."

The commencement of my college life at Oxford was the occasion of a regular correspondence with my father, in which he warmly entered into all the interests of the University, and recalled the associations of his own college days. His letters were full of criticisms on the men and events of the time, but every one contained some loving Christian advice, and almost

always a reference to prayer. On my entering at Oxford, he wrote to me, October 25, 1860:—

"You will experience difficulties and trials; and the great safety is to be committing your way to the Lord, feeling that it is not in man to 'direct his own steps.' I trust you cherish this conviction deeply, and exercise a constant dependence on the aid of the Holy Spirit, and then place ever before you the object you are to have in view at Oxford, and ask the Lord to enable you to grow in knowledge and useful attainments. Thus every day will be made a day of progress, and all being carried on in a frame of looking to the Lord, you will be kept in peace. There is a real happiness in simply following the Lord and seeking to do His will. Be kind to all around you, but watch against taking the impress of their character. Form yourself on the principle of following the pattern given us by Jesus. Let your whole course of action and sentiment be ordered after the gospel. I do not wish you to be reserved, or dull, or severe in any way; yet I should like you to be firm, calm, sustained in your whole

walk. Of course, you cannot absolutely mould your habitudes as you desire, but if you have a clear plan before your mind, and pursue it continually (allowing hindrances to be exceptions), you will find that others will come to understand you."

Again he writes—

"Keep your mind tranquil, doing all things in the fear of God. Keep near the throne of grace. Try to consider what is duty. Be courteous to all. Bring daily strength into your soul by prayer. Ever seek to be maintaining a blessed fellowship by prayer and meditation on the Word. Grace be with you."

"*October* 24, 1860.—To-morrow is the Fast-day. You will be thinking of us at these times, and joining both in humiliation and also in remembering and meditating on the love of Christ, and devoting yourself to Him. I am sure you must ever feel how much you need light and grace from on high, and what a privilege that we are allowed to ask and expect it, yea, are sure of obtaining our desires."

"*October* 29, 1860.—We have now brought

the solemn services of this season to a close, and I trust it has been a blessed and solemn season to many souls. Dr Wylie preached an excellent sermon on Saturday, tracing the connection between the Passover and the Communion.

"Mr Walker was very good yesterday; preached in the evening from John vii. 35, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink;' very good. I trust the Lord will keep you in the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ, and preserve you from every danger. I believe that a simple following of Christ will insure safety."

"*April* 30, 1861.—Our Communion service has been blessed, much precious truth spoken, much devoutness and earnestness manifested, much of the Lord's presence. Mr Black (of Dunikier) has been with us, speaking much of you and remembering you specially in prayer: he is a good man. Mr Knight preached yesterday; very good. I know you would be thinking about us. I trust you keep strong, and also keep near Jesus. Amid all studies try to be 'leaning on the Beloved.'"

"*April* 22, 1861.—I have been giving a series of discourses on the 45th Psalm, and have had great delight therein. I think that the subject of the psalm is directly the glory of Messiah in His Person and Reign, while there are poetic allusions to war and conquest, to marriage, to the splendour of an Eastern Court. I am preaching to-morrow from John i. 14, 'We beheld His glory.' Oh, may it be given you to see much of the Saviour's glory, the blessed theme which gives life and light, and peace and joy to the soul, the excellency of knowledge for which we may count all things but loss!"

My father attached the highest value to knowledge and intellectual work, but he always maintained that the great aim in all such work was, that it should be used for the service of God.

"My notion always remains the same," he wrote to me, "that acquirement of knowledge for its own sake is the great matter, that we may afterwards employ it for God's glory, and not caring to shine before our fellows."

His letters give the following hints on method:—

"You should place distinct objects before you, and try to master them. Just go on steadily and patiently, every day accomplishing something, and then the sum of attainment at the end will be very considerable. Above all, mind your highest interests. The fear and love of God give a dignity and certitude to our pursuits, and raise them above their transitory character, by connecting them with eternity. All is bright and happy when we have God's blessing with us, and can hear a voice behind us saying, 'This is the way, walk ye in it.' Your duty at present is clear enough, viz., to be attaining useful knowledge, whereby you will be enabled to serve God in the way He may open to you in His holy providence. Strive to get the heart to devote yourself to God's service, and also strive to acquire the proper preparation, and then you may be certain God in His own time will open up a sphere wherein you may glorify Him. You are now at a very blessed stage in your career, when you are lay-

ing in stores of knowledge for future usefulness. Try to enjoy and improve it. There is a danger of running into weak conceits of order. Power is the grand thing; you will learn by experience how to wield it.

"I think you are right in trying at once to master logic; but the real apprehension of it must be a work of time, must grow in your mind, must be presented in its varied relations, must rise into a form and creation of its own, having been subjected to a process of judging, comparing, choosing, and registering, &c. I merely mention all this to show you that you cannot by one effort form your system, that it must be formed by various steps of progress. Let your soul keep near Jesus. Delight yourself in Him.

"No overkeenness in rowing, moderate effort only, studies constant but not oppressive, keep the soul ever near God in prayer and reading of His Word. Never wax cold in this. The Lord keep you and guide you. Let your heart ever be kept in His love amid all your efforts and enjoyments. Take care of health, and after all

your effort, rest for meditation and prayer. May the Lord give you wisdom in everything. Walk in simplicity, which means, giving your energies to present duty in reliance on God's grace."

In 1861 my brother's regiment was ordered to Canada, as war with the United States was thought to be imminent, owing to the seizure of the steamer "Trent" by the American authorities. To this the following letter refers :—

"*January* 1, 1862.—It is good to be made to feel our entire dependence, and it is sweet when the Lord restores and enables us to show forth the great salvation.

"We hear from Canada regularly. Dear David is well. One of his brother officers* is a very devoted man, and they seem to go on nicely together. David thinks the people of Canada would like to have war with the Americans, for whom they have no sort of regard; and for my own part I have come to be very doubtful about the state of matters in the States generally. Their pride and arrogance,

* Major Brooke, 30th Regiment.

their fulness of bread and boasting pretensions, appear so inconsistent with the idea of true religion prevailing, that this war, if it does go on, may be regarded as a judicial infliction, a righteous judgment from Heaven, but I would fain hope war may still be averted.

"Of course we shall feel extremely anxious, and yet, after all the experience we have had of the kind and loving care of our Heavenly Father, we cannot but be encouraged to trust in Him that He will spread the shield of His gracious care and protection over our beloved boy, and we know you will help us by your continuous prayer.

"I have felt much moved by the death of Dr Cunningham, as also by the removal of the Prince Consort. These solemn dealings of the Lord speak loudly in the ears of all."

"*April* 1, 1863. — New changes are ever taking place in my old parish; poor Mark Aitken summoned away. I shall feel his removal a blank when I happen to go there. He was a good man, and will be a loss to the Free Church. Do you remember how great a con-

flict he had at the Disruption between a sense of duty and fear of temporal consequences, but he got the victory? The points of connection with that spot are being diminished, and yet there are some links which can never perish—blessed times of spiritual refreshing, the help of the Lord in the season of suffering and trial for His name, the sympathy and faithfulness of the Christian people, many of whom in their measure ran perils and exposed themselves to the reproach of superiors in station for their testimony to truth, not to speak of the sweet memories of the departed now in glory. These things can never pass away."

CHAPTER VIII.

IN 1863, while in the enjoyment of active work, my father was prostrated by a severe illness, and for some time afterwards his labours were obliged to be less unremitting. His application for a colleague, a relief which he had certainly earned by so many years of hard work, was opposed by some ministers, on the ground that the congregation was not financially a sufficient success. Such an instance of calculating, worldly wisdom, so alien to his own spirit, and, as he thought, to the principles on which the Free Church should be conducted, called forth a spirited protest from my father.

"To me," he wrote, "it appears just, fair, and scriptural that a minister in my circumstances, who renounced a large and valuable living at

the Disruption, and who has succeeded in establishing a congregation in the metropolis amid many difficulties by the divine blessing on his labours and perseverance in self-sacrifice, ought to participate in the prosperity of which he has laid the foundation."

"I was annoyed," he wrote to a friend, "at the whole tone of proceedings in the Commission of Assembly, and did feel vexed at being made the subject of public discussion, and feeling this, I wrote a note to the newspapers, noticing somewhat severely the remarks of ——. I did so, not in anger, not in any spirit of revenge, but calmly, believing myself bound to do so for the protection of other ministers and congregations who might be placed in similar circumstances. Indeed, throughout this whole matter I have been preserved in entire peace of soul, and in no way disturbed in mind, leaving all in the hands of our Lord, but along with this I was not very well, and you cannot hinder the pulse from being quickened and the system disturbed by disagreeable occurrences and ungenial feelings on the part of the servants of

God, from whom other things might have been expected. This has been my state of mind. I was in Edinburgh on Saturday, preached on Sabbath with great delight, thankful to the Lord for being allowed the privilege of declaring His precious Word."

During this illness my father had the additional trial of parting with my sister, who left for India. His letters to her on her marriage, and the duties of her position, are full of judicious counsel regarding the difficulties which all who will live godly experience in the society of an Indian Station.

"*Weymouth, March* 23, 1864.—Do not allow your mind to be engrossed by earthly thoughts or disturbed by trifling occurrences. Avoid controversy. Occasions may arise when you are called to bear witness for the pure gospel against error, but these are rare times, for which God will give special wisdom and grace. I am clearly of opinion it would be foolish and wrong in you to attempt to go and visit in the city among the natives in the way of doing good. Your duties

are to rule your household, ordering all your ways in the fear of the Lord. Observe the manners of the natives; try to understand their modes of thinking; try to acquire some knowledge of their language vernacularly. In all your transactings with them be considerate, firm, and impartial; and embrace every occasion which arises naturally, without forcing it, to show kindness and help. In this way you will in time acquire an influence over them which may be turned to good. I would have you be tender to their prejudices, and not go counter to their deep-rooted beliefs. Wield prayer to God for advancing His truth, encourage the faithful missionaries of whatever denomination, live near God personally; and your labour, though seemingly indirect, will not be in vain. I would have you cultivate the friendship of all good ministers. Indeed, I am averse to anything sectarian or party, whether for the Anglican Church or other denominations, and think we ought to stand for *great principles laid down by our Lord*, and applicable to all Churches. Such,

in my view, are the principles of the Free Church, for which she bears witness by trial; but many have not light to see this, and in reference to them our duty is to forbear, while we are ready to give information and instruction. This seems to be the rule given us in Philippians iii. 16: 'Nevertheless, whereto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing.' I will only add that a simple looking to Christ, and following His example, will keep us right, and preserve us from many dangers.

"I have dwelt the longer on this point of attempting to do good, because I have observed young people fall into error and waste their strength to little purpose. I enter into all your feelings of grief for the poor deluded natives, but it is to be remembered they have not our privileges and responsibility. Besides we are sure the heathen will be given to Christ for His inheritance, and it is a great thing for those who come into contact with them to commend the gospel by a holy and benevolent life. As to the Sabbath, I agree with you

that in your practice you should prove to the heathen that you really view the day as sacred; but I do not think you should make it rigorous or severe to them, except as to resting from labour.

"I can easily understand how in your position you should often feel dead and cold. In many respects you are placed in difficulty as to religious impression and improvement, but then, when it is the position in which you are appointed to be of the Lord, He will supply whatever you need, and by the grace of the Holy Spirit raise you above all your disadvantages. The great thing is to believe His love, to look to the dear Saviour, to dwell on His perfections and His finished work, and to rest in His faithfulness and sympathy, and keeping close to Him in fulfilment of duty to wait for the manifested light of His countenance. I never cease to remember you, and I feel confident you are loved of the Lord, and that He will carry on the good work of grace in your soul, and perfect that which concerns you. So, my dearly beloved child, do not be distressed about impressions or sensible happiness, but just rest

on the love of God, and the sure nature of His promises, which are all yea and amen in Christ, *i.e.*, they are made to Him as our Surety, and they will be fulfilled to us in cleaving to Him. So do cling to Him in constant faith."

Although my father was greatly grieved at being restricted in the amount of his work, yet in one sense it was the fulfilment of his desire formed long before. He used to quote to old men the favourite speculation of Dr Chalmers, of which he was very fond, "that if spared to sixty, we then enter on the seventh decade of human life, and this, if possible, should be turned into the Sabbath of an earthly pilgrimage and spent Sabbatically, as if on the shore of an eternal world, or in the outer courts, as it were, of the temple that is above, the tabernacle in Heaven."

The death of an aged relative put him in possession of a country residence, where the greater part of his life was henceforth spent.

In this he loved to trace the goodness of God, and the fulfilment of Christ's promise that "there is no man that hath left house or lands

for His name's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time." To his friend Miss Hamilton he wrote:—

"*Elie, July* 25, 1864.—I recognise the kindness of the Lord's dealings. The residence we left (Crailing Manse) was lovely enough, but the dwelling He has bestowed is still more beautiful, verifying the faithfulness of His word. I hope you will feel strong enough to come and see us sometime when we are at Forthside, and then we will speak together of all the way by which the Lord has led us. I was in church yesterday. Mr Wood is a good and faithful preacher."

In the midst of this cause of rejoicing and thankfulness a terrible and crushing calamity came upon us all. My only brother, who had served now for many years in the medical service of the army, and won high distinction there, was, when on the eve of promotion, and on the point of obtaining leave, sent from Montreal where he was stationed with his regiment (the 30th), to Bermuda, where a fearful epidemic of yellow fever prevailed. So fatal was the sudden

change from a Canadian climate to a poisoned West Indian atmosphere that almost all the officers thus precipitated into the raging pestilence were at once struck down, and a great part died. My brother himself fully saw the peril of the enterprise for which he had been selected, and although he doubted the wisdom of the order, he went bravely and calmly on the fatal mission in cheerful dependence on his Heavenly Father's care. A young officer of the ship of war which conveyed my brother to Bermuda has told me he had many conversations with him.

"Your brother," he writes, "was very cheerful and happy, but some of the others were depressed. 'I know,' he said to me; 'that some of us must die, but I have left all that to a Higher Power.'"

My father's letters, written to my brother at the time, but, alas! never received, show his agonising intercession with the Lord for the life of his son:—

"I trust our Heavenly Father will encompass you with the shield of His love and care, and that you will be preserved from the pestilence

that walketh in darkness according to the blessed promise of Psalm xci. Oh, may our loving Father guard you, and His presence be with you! He hath hitherto graciously preserved you. I desire to believe He will still, in great love to us, preserve and deliver you from all evil. Oh, it is a time of trial to us which we had not anticipated, but we cast our care on our faithful and merciful Father. My dear, dear boy, rest in His love, be of good cheer, all will be ordered aright. You will be kept of Him who has never forsaken. You will be incessantly in our thoughts, and we shall not fail to bear you on our hearts before the throne of grace unceasingly. The Lord will hear from His holy habitation."

Again he says: "We are carried incessantly to the throne of grace in your behalf, and I cherish the confident expectation that our Heavenly Father will keep you from all harm and bring you back to us in peace and safety, to His praise and our great joy.

"Let us meet much and often at the throne of grace. I feel happy in believing that the Lord cares for you, and will preserve you for His own

glory as well as our great thankfulness and joy."

Alas! the news soon came that my brother was one of those who had fallen. He had landed at St George's, Bermuda, where the fever was at its worst, and after bravely combating the pestilence in attending the sufferers in the over-crowded hospital, was after a few days struck down by the fever in its most malignant form, and died at the age of thirty-two. The blow was overwhelming. My father never thoroughly recovered his spirits, but mourned bitterly, as for a first-born, and literally "went sorrowing to the grave."

A letter in which he broke the cruel news to my sister in India shows the bitterness of the stroke.

"FORTHSIDE, STIRLING,
October 16, 1864.

"MY BELOVED JANET,—This is Sabbath, but I feel it right to employ an hour of this blessed day to hold a little converse with my dear child. I write too, lest if I were silent you might fancy me to be ill, while I am really wonderfully well, my health much better than I could have ex-

pected, and my soul kept in peace, looking unto Jesus, and in the exercise of submission to the holy will of God. Now, I tell you all this to comfort you and to keep you from being anxious and uneasy, or fancying I am not strong, whereas I am amazingly upheld by the kindness of the Lord. Your dear mamma and Catherine have written letters which you will get before this, with the view of preparing you for the distressing reality that has come before us. All they tell you is true, but there is more to tell. Now, my beloved child, do try to be calm. We had a month of deep anxiety about our dearest David. He wrote a beautiful letter on the 25th August to mamma, saying he was in perfect health, and was just going to land in Bermuda from the 'Jason' ship of war which had conveyed him and others from Canada to Bermuda, where their services were required on account of the outbreak of fever. For a month we were kept in anxious suspense; then came a rumour of his illness, and a report, somewhat uncertain, of his having died, but, alas! this report was too soon confirmed by a letter from Reade, telling us he

died on the 3d of September. I have also got a letter from the minister he attended in Montreal, lamenting his death, and telling us how he was beloved, and how much good he had done among the soldiers in many ways, and by encouraging meetings for prayer, in which he himself took part. Other letters have also come in great numbers, all breathing the same mourning for his loss, and bearing witness to the high esteem and love in which he was universally held. They are valuable in themselves, but very powerless at present to minister consolation. It is sweet to receive the expression of human sympathy, but oh, it does not meet our case. We pour out our complaint before the Lord, and have kept ourselves alone ever since we got the sad intelligence. The Lord only can comfort us. We are smitten down, and He only can lift up. All of us have been completely overwhelmed. We were utterly unprepared, and the blow has prostrated us in the dust. We have been kept from rebelling against God, and have been enabled to lie low before Him. Any comfort we have felt has arisen from the com-

plete assurance we have that our dear boy is with his Saviour in heaven. Much have we to prove this clearly, and beyond doubt, in his principles, sentiments, and daily life; and we are constantly hearing more of the good he did, and how nearly he lived to God. In our deep grief this certainty of his being taken to glory has kept us from being quite utterly desolated. Yet we have been and are very, very sorrowful; poor dear Catherine mourns with peculiar bitterness, and so does dear Wallace, who is quite overcome by the loss of his only brother; but the grief of dear mamma and myself is of a special kind. For myself I am moved to say, Would to heaven I had died for thee, O my son, my son. Yes, sweetest Janet, I have grieved as I never grieved before, and so has his mother. He was our first-born, he is bound up with our whole history, he was ever so loving, so tender, so sympathising in all our anxieties for you all, that our remaining pilgrimage is now for ever clouded, and we must console ourselves only with the prospect of meeting him in heaven. I trust it is not rebellion against God's will but

only the receiving of His rebuke, that ever since the heavy tidings came we have been all bowed down, owning God's hand in the magnitude of our loss, and waiting for His mercy to lift us up. We still wait on God, we own His hand in our greatest affliction, we lie low before Him, asking light and grace to improve the trial for the ends to which it is sent. Now, my beloved child, I have tried to tell you everything. We have as yet no details of dear David's illness, but we are sure Jesus was near him. His has been a short career, but a bright and blessed one. It is like tearing away our very heart that he is removed, but God has seen we needed it. It is my wish and dear mamma's to say, 'Though He slay us, we will trust in Him.' We try to say and feel this, and yet we grieve. When we lie down and when we rise up, the image of our dear boy is present to our minds. We realise him in all our thoughts, and find peace in thinking we shall see heaven, and there rejoice in the presence of our Lord with beloved David, and in due time with all the children God has given us."

To his son-in-law in India he wrote—

"*Nov.* 1, 1864.—We all loved our David intensely, and his removal from amongst us is indeed a very heavy, almost insupportable trial; but God has been very gracious in giving us rich assurance of his being ripened and prepared for glory, his own letters breathing such a heavenly spirit, and the letters we have received about him all telling us how much he was esteemed, and how truly he confessed Christ before men, and endeavoured to bring others to Him. I feel very cast down at losing him, but now I think of him as in heaven, and in this way I sometimes get above my grief. Your dear little child, our grandchild, has not got so joyful a welcome into our family as she ought to have done, but we love her, sweet infant! and pray for her; and though we grieve, we do praise the Lord for *giving*, while He has been taking away. Let this affliction engage us all to think more about heaven. He is there with his Lord—we have a new tie to heaven. I trust we shall all feel it so."

"*2d January* 1865.—This has been the most

afflictive and sad New Year we have ever had. Indeed were it not for our good hope concerning our beloved, yea, our certainty that he is in heaven, we should be utterly overwhelmed. We feel that we are called to think more about him now that he is there, and we trust that, by God's grace, we shall all be made more spiritually-minded and more earnest about divine things in consequence of God's dealings. Assuredly God does not chasten us in vain, and it ought to be our great care to 'hear the rod' and understand its voice. I miss our beloved David far more than I can express. He was in every way so precious, increasingly so, his judgment matured, his tender considerateness great, his medical skill so valuable, his position in life important, and his love to us all so warm, that we cannot but grieve for him, almost refusing to be comforted."

CHAPTER IX.

MY father's sorrow for the death of my brother was in small measure assuaged by time. His great consolation he found in loving intercourse with the members of his family, and in ministering to his congregation, the duties of which he shared with his valued colleague, the Rev. John Fleming, whom he greatly esteemed, and who afterwards became related to him as a son-in-law.

But his letters breathe the sadness of one who had lost his great joy in life, and who was bowing to a stroke he could not understand.

He wrote to a friend, May 25, 1865 :—

"My position is very solemn and difficult to explain as to how I ought to read it, what I ought to do, how to feel and direct my thoughts. In all this I am perplexed, only

feeling sure I shall not go wrong in trying to realise the sentiments of the 131st Psalm, and to this end you will help me by your prayers.

"I am a wonder to myself, both as to my bodily health, and the degree of resignation and strength given me to bear up under what both Mrs Milroy and I feel as a most crushing and fearful bereavement. We are not insensible to the rich consolation and blessed hope God has mingled in the trial, neither do we overlook the many mercies left us, the dear children still spared, and all the blessed comfort we have in them; but the tender love, the sweet considerateness, the lofty principles, and noble bearing of our beloved boy, combined with his bright promise, render the blow such as we can never entirely surmount, but must feel ourselves mere pilgrims in this world, which is now clouded to us, so much so that the things we most enjoy, such as the bright face of nature at this season, wear a dark and mournful aspect from being associated with him who has been taken from us. Is it wrong to feel this? Is it weak or wrong to re-

gard this inroad on our domestic circle, which was so sweet to us, as being His message, "Arise and depart, this is not your rest?" All this we feel constantly. Would that we had clearer views of the heavenly home, and fuller preparedness, and were even now come in sympathy and anticipation 'to the spirits of the just made perfect.' You are aware of all our anxiety about dear Janet's husband. We earnestly trust it may please God to spare him and bring them all to us in safety; but all these things bear down. I feel myself greatly altered. The strength I have it is my delight to employ in declaring the unsearchable riches of Christ, and opening to poor and weary souls the treasures of His sympathy, love, and power."

The anxiety alluded to in the foregoing letter was too well founded, for his son-in-law* in India was obliged to seek leave in consequence of illness, and died on the voyage home. To his widowed daughter he wrote, on receiving the news of her bereavement:—

* W. H. R. Curll, Esq., C.E., District Engineer of the East Indian Railway at Delhi.

"*June* 25, 1865.

MY EVER DEAREST JANET, — Your letter from off St Helena has reached us. We now know your sad desolation and distress. We have all wept with you over the loss of our loved William, who, we trusted, was to have made up in some measure for the removal of our lamented and lovely David. We all loved William very much. I believe he has fallen asleep in Jesus. God will be a husband to you, and a father to your dear child. We have been led through much in an amazingly short time. No doubt it is all in mercy. God does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men: it is for our profit, that we may be partakers of holiness. Oh, that He would help us to receive His chastening, and know His will! 'Though He slay us, we will trust in Him.' My sweet and precious child, 'whom the Lord loveth He chastens'—do not despond or murmur."

To Miss Hamilton he wrote, April 19, 1866:—

"You know how constantly I went to see

you whenever I went south, but now all is changed. I have neither strength nor spirits. I am willing to be in the shade, forgotten, grateful for the privilege of declaring the Word from Sabbath to Sabbath, and foregoing all else."

To another friend on the anniversary of receiving the news of my brother's death, October 3, 1867:—

"It is a solemn and mournful time of year to us, but it is of the Lord's mercies we are not consumed. I hope to lecture on Sabbath forenoon. The subject is infinitely blessed and glorious. Alas! it is little more than skimming the surface, all that we can feel or say about it. I confess that I think you ought to be happier having such blessed truths to dwell on concerning the Beloved, even in spite of vexations and reminiscences. To realise these truths in my own soul, and to have power to declare them, are now the chief elements that gladden; while in reference to other mercies I have great reason of ceaseless gratitude."

To a friend:—

"I feel interested in Jersey, as our dear and loved David spent some time there; and Mr Murray the minister has borne testimony to the blessed influence of his example and of his witnessing for Christ whilst there, so that the place is endeared to us. The weather has been very lovely for November, not unlike what it was when I stood and saw the last duties performed to what was mortal of Miss Spence. There is nothing to mourn on her account; and now that time is so far advanced, and we are so near the joining of the 'spirits of the just made perfect,' it becomes us to lift up the head and rejoice. In saying this I do not forget that we have much to bear down and discourage while we tread this vale of tears."

In almost every letter to friends there is some reference to this great sorrow, especially as the anniversary recurred, but mingled with an ever brightening hope of a blessed reunion.

"*Forthside, September* 7, 1868.—Thanks for your tender sympathy as to our retrospective experience. The season does add some force, but the pressure is ever felt, only relieved by

the conviction 'He doeth all things well,' and 'He will come again.' I am sad to see that her grief is really hurting Mrs Milroy's health. It can scarce be otherwise. But both she and I wish to say as little as possible about our sorrows in grieving for the absence of one whom God has in His own sovereign right taken home.

"Dr Beith had some rather striking thoughts on the absolute right of Christ to order all the circumstances of His people in respect to death. We are sure of this, that He orders all aright. I fear you have a wrong idea of my feeling being that of ministerial discouragement. It is not so. I sometimes express censure strongly, and have no sympathy with absurd modes of thinking, but the feeling is momentary. I never take anything amiss when I feel conscious of pure purpose and simplicity of acting."

"*St Andrews, September* 14, 1869.—Wherever we are, we carry with us our feeling of sorrow under the afflictive bereavement which took from us our beloved David. This season brings all back with renewed force. I trust we are led thereby to think the more deeply of the Saviour

as gone to prepare a place for His redeemed people, and of the blessedness of each one whom He has taken to His own presence. Very sweet and precious it has been to me to be engaged in lecturing on the 14th of John's Gospel. How wonderful are those chapters! What a living power they possess; how they speak directly to our souls, or rather make us feel the Lord Himself speaking.

"We have good clergymen here—Mr Scott of the United Presbyterian, not far from where we live, and Dr Ainslie of the Free. I am pleased to hear that you liked Mr Fleming. He is an excellent colleague."

One special feature of my father's character was his sympathy with the sick and afflicted, and his tenderness in dealing with them. He loved to dwell upon the office of Christ as "anointed to comfort all that mourn," and in large measure he had himself received of his Master's spirit. Hence his visits were much prized by those in any trouble, and his letters to afflicted friends were rich in comfort. He sought to lay hold upon any indication of good,

not "breaking the bruised reed, nor quenching the smoking flax," and to lead the mind thus gradually to dwell upon larger views of the Saviour's work and person.

To a lady who had lost a son he wrote, February 24, 1864:—

"*Bournemouth, Dorset.*—His sense of utter unworthiness, and his simple prayer, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' convey very blessed and solemn lessons, which, alas! we are slow to learn. We are all disposed to feel like Naaman that we must do some great thing rather than simply wash in the Fountain of atoning blood, and yet if we really think, it is a most blessed privilege given to every one to come and directly apply to the Blessed Redeemer, with His warrant and assurance He will not cast us out. He has the tongue of the learned to speak a word in season. He wants to be gracious. Real religion lies in this individual application to the Lord Jesus Christ. God convinces us by His Spirit, and disciplines us by His Providence, that we may make this loving application. Whatever aid we may derive from the outward

solemnity and ritual of worship in moving us to feelings of awe, the real and proper feeling is that of our entire unworthiness, and casting ourselves on the compassion of Jesus.

"'To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at My word.' I trust and pray that you may know the sweetness of going thus simply to Jesus, and casting your entire dependence upon Him. There is a hymn which expresses my feelings. I have not a copy here, but it begins

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.'"

To a Christian lady, a member of his congregation, tried by a long and tedious illness, he wrote :—

"FORTHSIDE, *Nov.* 17, 1870.

"MY DEAR MRS COCKBURN,—It grieved me to hear you were still suffering so much. I have been thinking that the design of pain being so much mingled in the experience of the children of God is to break the natural love of life, and produce a longing for that place where the inhabitant shall not say 'I am sick.' No

doubt sickness is also corrective, and is the instrument of producing consideration and solemn review, of bringing us to view things in their true light, for assuredly it is for our profit God afflicts us, but He does it 'in measure,' and we know our Shepherd is afflicted in our affliction, and hears and pities us."

To the same, December 31, 1870:—"I rejoice that you survey the reality of the eternal world from the best attitude, viz., leaning on your beloved Saviour. I am glad also that you have the fellowship of the people of God, and that you enjoyed Mr Wright's visit and Mr Forbes' also.

"God employs this instrumentality for sustaining and comforting His people, and makes it effectual. Paul, on meeting the brethren at Appii Forum, 'thanked God, and took courage.'

"I desire for you to be able to acquiesce in the will of God concerning you, leaving all in His hand, having the readiness to depart and be with Christ, and yet willing to abide and remain if He sees it to be for His glory. God is gathering His elect in wondrous ways, bring-

ing them out of great tribulation, all of them having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. I think we often recognise how God carries up to heaven some dear child of His, and makes that bereavement the means of spiritual blessing and awakening to those on whom the stroke has fallen heavily."

To his elder daughter he thus wrote on the loss of her infant, June 15, 1869:—

"MY DEAREST CATHERINE,— . . . We often speak of the absent, which is right, as it connects time and eternity together. I find it a consolation to leave all and get quietly to prepare my lecture. The only drawback is, that the result never is adequate to our idea or our aim. Our realising and expressing falls so much short of our conception. It is a great transition and advancement you have both made in having a part of yourselves in your Father's house above.—Your loving father,

"A. M."

With reference to the same bereavement he wrote to a friend:—

"FORTHSIDE, *May* 29, 1869.

"MY DEAR MRS COCKBURN,—We have been unexpectedly visited with death in our dwelling. The dear child, who had wrapped himself round our hearts by his simple sweetness, has been taken from us. Dear Catherine watched him with untiring assiduity to the end, but his strength sank rapidly; he expired yesterday morning at two o'clock, his mother sitting beside him.

"We are all deeply affected by this event. Both Mr Fleming and Catherine overwhelmed, and all more moved than would be expected by the removal of so young a child.

"I have so strong a conviction of the safety of children in the love of the Redeemer, that I cannot vindicate my own grief. Indeed, our only care should be the improvement we are to make of this event."

I have already alluded to my father's love of nature, in the varied aspect of which in the different seasons he found fresh interest and constant solace. Whether it were the ever-changing tints of the hills, or the habits of animals and birds, or the growth of vegetation,

—all supplied material of enjoyment and reflection, and are often referred to in his correspondence.

"The outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude.

"In common things that round us lie,
Some random truths he can impart,
The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on his own heart."

To a friend. Forthside, April 14, 1866:—

"Vain it is to go back on the past; our stay is in the unchanging love of God through the perfect work of His dear Son. He abides faithful. In this be happy and rejoice.

"I have enjoyed much the quiet and rest of the last few days, and have only to wish I could enter more fully into the mind of the dear Redeemer, who evidently had pleasure in the aspects of nature: 'Consider the lilies how they grow.'"

To myself he wrote:—

"*Forthside.*—It is delightful to be here, the

peaceful river, the bright full moon breaking over Ochills, their summits clad with snow, the setting sun gilding them with gentle radiance, but no snow here. The sheep are very restless, but their restlessness now assumes a settled direction, inasmuch as they are always found at the hay-stack.

"I recollect preaching on the work of Christ as a Shepherd, both from Isaiah xl., and also from St John x. This last winter I have had a great deal to do with our sheep, and I have observed how accurately facts accord with the representations of the gospel.

"The sheep came to know me and to follow me, and I actually knew them. As I was kind to them, I never could go out into the field without their recognising and following me.

"Dr Beith was very edifying last Sabbath on the privilege of liberality, and likened the reserved to the Indian devotees, who hold their limbs upright till they lose the power entirely; very good and ingenious. You would see a notice of poor ———'s death. This brings to mind all his keen jealousy, and the utter vanity

of all human contentions; nothing worth living for but to know and glorify the blessed Redeemer."

My father was very fond of children, and was never disturbed by their mirth even in his times of study, but entered with a happy playfulness into all their interests. The following is a letter to his granddaughter :—

"FORTHSIDE, *December* 14, 1869.

"MY DEAREST ELEANOR, — Dear grandmamma and I have returned to-day to Forthside. When I came to the house, Sailor barked very loudly, as if he would say—Who are you ? but when he saw me, he wagged his tail and looked so happy. I think he would have liked very much if you and your dear mamma had come also, but I will tell him that if he is good you will come some day. Pony is very well, and is wearying for you, and the cow also, and the pigs. They got out of their crib the other day and ran about the bank.

"I think it is very hard that you should not get a little 'bun.' I suppose they cannot make

sweeties at St Andrews, so I must surely send you some from Edinburgh, and you must give some to the doctor, and he will see how good they are for children and for grown people, but you must eat them in small quantities, and only when mamma allows you. It would be nice if you could surprise Uncle Wallace by being able to read.—Goodbye. Your loving Grandpapa."

CHAPTER X.

DURING the last years of his life my father maintained a constant correspondence with me, and his letters are full of criticisms on men and books, the fruit of a keen observation and varied experience, mingled with an appreciative sympathy with all good men in whatever Church or position they might be found.

Some extracts from these I give, as possessing more than a private interest:—

"*January* 23, 1866.—I have finished Robertson's (of Brighton) Life. Impression rather mournful, his mind too sensitive and not duly regulated, singularly unfair in some things, beautiful in others.

"I am glad you like Butler. I used to like him much. Clearness, force, and candour distinguish him, though his style is not ornate.

In reading his work one feels how keenly he felt the discouragement from prevailing unbelief and worldliness."

Again and again he repeats his conviction that there is no employment so happy or dignified as that of preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ, and none so worthy of the consecration of our highest powers :—

"I am fully persuaded there is scope for all the requirements we can bring to bear on the ministry of the Word. It is a blessed thing to soar above all the mean and paltry policy of men, and launch forth in the proclamation of His love and wisdom in the salvation of sinners. I am convinced that in this you would find your happiness.

"But I do not wish you to rush into the work at once. There is very great danger of attempting to do too much at the beginning of one's career, and great evils arise from attempting to preach too often. Hurry, poverty of thought, carelessness of style, and defect of vigour, are the results, and they abide.

"I have been much pleased with Lord

Derby's speech at the meeting of the Royal Academy. It shows the extreme culture of the man, his acute perception, fine taste, his wide reading, and extensive knowledge of the world of mind. This eminence and power show the immense advantage of a man having the means of gratifying his pursuit of mental improvement without being led to travel within narrow limits.

"I do think there is a kind of tone and air acquired by what are called the learned professions, the legal and tutorial, which give a stiffness and formality, detracting from the ease and elegance of the gentleman, as I would call it, a sort of humdrum character. Try this term the enjoyment of your learned leisure. Seek your own improvement and culture. Above all, realise the elevating influence of living near Jesus, the gentle, mild and ennobling influence of conversing with our dear Redeemer."

On my ordination, he wrote to me, December 16, 1869:—

"May God honour you to be faithful in the

gospel of His Son. At this advanced stage I look back with chiefest satisfaction on those times and periods whenever I have laboured most diligently, and borne clearest witness in declaring Christ's claim to man's entire dependence, submission, and devotedness. There is no happiness like this, when there is the testimony of a good conscience, or rather the Spirit witnessing with our spirits that we are children of God, and that if we suffer with Him we shall also be glorified together.

"It is really useless to dwell on the erratic contrarieties we meet with around us, which we cannot control and must endure. It strikes me that the English Church is one of energy, not troubling itself much with the means and methods, but making success the end and the vindication of the means. Of course this cannot be right, but it is in vain to protest against it. To many minds success is everything, and the want of it the real, almost only, evil. I have seen a great deal of this at times even in good men, who forgot soon the wrong and worldly means they had employed, and rested on the

mere fact of having succeeded, and no doubt we must make allowance for the keenness of some natures. The great point is to keep our own moral consciousness pure, and, though it requires an effort, to satisfy ourselves by adhering to simple and blessed aims, and in this way bearing witness against all that is selfish, unfair, and essentially mean."

In another letter he again repeats the caution against the temptation to which young clergymen are especially prone, that of attempting to do too much at the beginning of their ministry, from which he had apparently observed such evil results :—

"FORTHSIDE, *April* 20, 1871.

"MY DEAREST WALLACE,—I see you are very busy, too busy I fear, for there is a wisdom in not attempting to do too much, not engaging to do more than one can do well.

"I can easily understand that you will feel the work of preparing the young for confirmation very interesting and laborious, and there is no reckoning up the immense value of the instruc-

tion and impressions that may be imparted to youthful minds at such a season. I am glad you enjoyed preaching to the poor, and that you were encouraged by learning that their hearts gave response to the good word of truth."

"*March* 1, 1871.—As to extempore speaking, I persevered long in writing everything, often very rapidly, and only ventured to speak on the hortatory part for several years. At length I laboured to commit pretty closely (convinced there was a prejudice against read sermons), and succeeded tolerably, till the excitement of Disruption times brought strong impulses and increased demands. I never had great conscious power of extempore speaking, and besides I was prevented attempting much in this way by a sense of the sacredness of the themes I handled, and of the need of the language being clear and well chosen. I believe you have greater aptness in this direction of ready and appropriate speaking. Still I would have you, as a rule, write carefully, and so insure power.

"I recollect Mr Garden with interest, and read his Hulsean Prize Essay, and had the impression

of his being a thoughtful man, who would be sure to get forward."

"*July* 7, 1871.—I hope you will be enabled to give a good sermon on your precious text" (I had chosen Psalm xlix. 14, "This God is our God for ever and ever: He will be our Guide even unto death").

"I once preached on it, but I have the impression that I was not pleased with my production. So far as I recollect, I dwelt chiefly on the latter clause, 'He will be our Guide unto death,' whereas the main consolation lies in the more universal statement, 'This God is our God for ever and ever.' The children of Zion have this blessed certitude to sustain them, that Jehovah, the all-sufficient, all-pure, all-loving God, is their God, that He abides so, and will not cast them off; that He has made with them an everlasting covenant, 'that He will not turn away from them to do them good, but will put His fear in their hearts that they may not depart from Him.' This is the grand theme, but then the thought of the difficulties, dangers, and trials of the earthly pilgrimage recurs to the

mind, and this is met by the special assurance that 'He will be our Guide unto death,' even through all the varying shades of our history in this life, up to the last moment. He will be our Guide, not suffering His people to be overcome of evil.

"'Thou wilt guide me by Thy counsel and afterwards receive me to glory.' Also Psalm 23d, last verse. And cursorily it might be said, death is here represented in a cheering aspect, not only in that we have God's care and preservation till He call us hence, but inasmuch as it is the ending of all trial, and grief, and fear, and danger: 'In Thy presence is fulness of joy, at Thy right hand pleasures for evermore.' It has been thought that the children of God, under the Old Testament dispensation, did possess clear and impressive views of the *ultimate* blessedness, but had not so distinct a sense of the safety and glory of the intermediate state, between the period of their departure and the final Advent, as we under the New Testament certainly enjoy."

"*Dec.* 15, 1871.—Keep yourself always *alive*

and interested in your subject, and strong in your *own living conviction* of the truths you are enforcing. This was the secret of the success of Robertson of Brighton, and reaches the heart of an Englishman, who likes to have his emotions stirred as well as his judgment informed. I have experienced a great deal of criticism in days of old, but I have on the whole found it safest to believe that what really told on the hearts of men could not be weak in argument or appeal.

"I know you always try to do your best, but I have never been satisfied with my own attainments, and this makes me critical towards others, as I really think the era on which we have fallen is jejune in respect to glorious and lofty conceptions. Would you like to consult Stier's 'Words of the Lord Jesus?' I find it a very suggestive book. The news of the Prince are to-day more favourable. If it please God to spare the Prince, let the Church be more alert in rendering thanks than it was in supplicating help."

The following letters refer to his great de-

light in his work, a constant theme, and the encourgement he received in it.

"*May* 8, 1869.—This life is one of varied trouble and change. In Christ we have peace. Resting in Him, cleaving to Him, dwelling on His love, our troubles are merged and disappear; it is really so. I am thankful to know that the small part I took in the late Communion services brought consolation to any of God's children. I condemned myself for allowing an excess of human emotion in things divine.

"It is a great consolation to me to be made the instrument of light and encouragement to any of the children of God. They have always found their nourishment in dwelling on the perfections and finished work and intercession of Him whom their souls love, and it is so still, but, alas! our apprehension of these themes is oft dull and languid."

"*May* 12, 1868.—I feel unwilling to be silent next Sabbath. It is very sweet to identify ourselves with our dear Lord in seeking to fill up, in our sadly feeble measure, the day allotted us here. He gives us the right to enjoy the

same blessed consciousness of resting in God which He ever exemplified."

In all Church questions my father's voice was always raised for peace, where it was possible, and he preferred to fix the mind upon the points in which Christians agree rather than upon those in which they differ. Holding the truth firmly, he held it in meekness of wisdom, in a catholic and liberal spirit, which sought to recognise the good in men of all opinions. Hence he regarded with favour the proposal for a union of the Free Church and the United Presbyterian.

"*Forthside, November* 3, 1870.—It is only fair to say that this question of union has been so handled as to raise feelings of serious fear in the minds of many truly earnest for the good of Zion. Mrs Milroy rather looks unfavourably on the prospect of union, lest it should involve an obscuration or letting down of our grand principles connected with the Headship of Christ over the Church and over the nations. But for my own part, I think union is what we ought *all* to seek. We have been holding up a banner

for the truth, and we invite all that love Christ to range themselves with us under that banner. In my estimate, we have already corrected and raised the views of the United Presbyterians on the question of the Magistrate's duty to religion and other kindred topics, and I believe that, as our intercourse advances, we shall see more 'eye to eye,' and, so far as I know the feelings of our brethren who are keenest for union, there is no wish to urge on or hasten the matter. There will be no second Disruption, unless some men are impatient, and will be out, reason or none. This is my conviction, but then I live obscurely and quietly, and seldom mingle in the world. St James said, by the Spirit's guidance, 'the tongue is an unruly evil,' and, alas! even with good men it is still so. We had a very comfortable Communion season in Edinburgh. My colleague preached, and was remarkably good. Mr Muirhead of Kippen took my place. We live in solemn times. Great results will ere long be developed. The faith of God's dear children will be tried, and they will be drawn forth in admiration of God's wisdom and goodness in

accomplishing His holy purposes. 'The wise shall understand.' May we be in the number.

"Perhaps the General Assembly did wisely in pausing as to the operations towards union, though I have no sympathy with the obstructives. I think there ought to be union, and that there will certainly be, while I feel it to be painful to see good men taking so strong an attitude of opposition. One thing I know, there is much prayer concerning its being brought about, much yearning of soul on the part of the children of God, and when this exists, it is a token of approaching blessing. 'By terrible things in righteousness God accomplishes His own gracious purposes.'

"This is the Sacramental Fast-day here. I went to church in forenoon and heard a very excellent sermon from a Mr Hamilton, Reformed Presbyterian minister at Renton on the Clyde, pious, clear, convincing, and able; his text was, Ps. xxvi.: 'I will wash mine hands in innocency, so will I compass Thine altar.' Dr Beith here is a great promoter of union, and asks ministers of different communions. Some

time ago I heard a United Presbyterian minister from Alloa, a remarkably good preacher. One rejoices that the servants of God are everywhere diffused. I wish you could tell me of good going on in your quarter and neighbourhood so dear to me."

"*December*, 13, 1872.—I am sorry to see this movement about Dean Stanley, as I cannot but fear such methods of advancing evangelical truth are far from doing good.

"I cannot say that I approve of Dean Stanley's views, but I am against compelling men to think and speak according to a strict, undeviating, dry formula, thus fettering the human mind, and repressing the influence of high aspirations after heavenly truth."

In the same spirit my father entered with keen sympathy into all the associations of the Church of England.

"*Easter, March* 31.—I will reserve a few good thoughts for Easter Sabbath. I have in looking back a distinct recollection of Easter Sabbath 1827. I was then in France, and recollect the zeal of the young priests heading troops of

young members on to the different cathedrals with much triumph. At that time there was a kind of revival of Church zeal under Charles X. Time has swept away the larger number of those who were then with me. To myself life was then fresh, all bright in the future, and I own that I have realised much of the substantial blessings in my pilgrimage, and I should have been happier if I had been less sensitive, more calm and rational in my estimate of life, for certainly undue anxiety has often caused me much needless pain. I come to this conclusion, try to consider, and do what is right and best, leave results to Providence. I trust this has been a happy Easter to you, that your conceptions are fresh and bright and strong. It is pleasing to think of the universal acknowledgment and impulsive movement in a community in connection with grand eternal truth, provided there be on the part of the clergy an actual powerful exhibition of these truths, and not a formal, dry, frigid statement. Oh, how blessed a country might France have been if it had enjoyed a pure gospel!"

L

Of Christmas, he wrote, December 24, 1872:—

"Christmas does not bulk in the general mind to any great extent in Scotland, while the grand event it commemorates is almost universally appreciated. Yet I would rather feel sympathy with the Anglican idea of regarding it as a grand domestic institution in which all have a blessed interest, and which as years roll on comes back laden with gracious and solemn recollections.

"I trust you will be strong for your many duties at this time, and that a blessing may attend them. I hope you will enjoy your visit to Addington. I liked Gladstone's speech at Liverpool greatly. It is an admirably sustained production, and brings out a mind of great power, richly furnished, and well-balanced; dear mamma read it, and relished it."

For a year or two before my father's death, there appears in his letters a consciousness of the pressure of bodily weakness and pain, relieved, however, by the presence of bright hope and joyful looking forward, which at times, as

the end became nearer, rose almost to triumphant exultation. As Bunyan says of his pilgrims, as they drew near to their journey's end :—"In this country the sun shineth night and day: wherefore this was beyond the valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle.

"Here they were within sight of the city they were going to; also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the shining ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of heaven.

"Now as they walked in this land, they had more rejoicing than in parts more remote from the kingdom to which they were bound; and drawing near to the city, they had yet a more perfect view thereof."

To an old Christian friend he wrote, Forthside, March 4, 1871 :—

"The country is looking charming, and I enjoy it much; but I have no longer the vigour and elasticity which used to minister so much delight in the reviving scenes of spring. One

needs to learn to look through the fading scenes and vista of time to the prospects of eternity which are never to fade or be overclouded, and where there will be no bodily weakness to obscure the aspirations of the ransomed soul. This is a reason for our looking and longing for the mansions of our Father's house; it was so felt by St Paul, 5th of 2d Corinthians.

"I hope to go to church to-morrow. There is to be an Evangelistic deputation here—Sir H. W. Moncreiff and Mr Morgan of Fountainbridge. They preach during the day and hold a grand meeting in the evening. It is to be hoped their labours will be blessed, for a time of reviving is much needed, a time of new life in souls, just as all around us there is new life and verdure in the grass of the field."

To another friend, April 26, 1871:—

"I see the announcement of the death of Dr Nathanael Paterson, of Galashiels. He was greatly my senior, yet I knew him well; and I feel sure he has faithfully 'finished his course.' I think it is Jonathan Edwards who says, 'It *is* sweet to serve the Lord throughout life's

day, and when the work is done to fall asleep in His blessed arms.'"

"*Forthside, July* 25, 1872. — I am only grieved that I am seldom permitted to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ. Catherine and her children left this yesterday. She has been unwearied in her care over me while here, and indeed so are they all; so that I wonder at their loving solicitude. All I can say is that I am not so strong as I used to be, but I am not ill, and I am better on the whole than I was; and then 'my times are in Thy hand.' This insures all, as I am sure you feel amid your ups-and-downs. Very overwhelming is the review of the divine loving-kindness in contrast with our interrupted and poor service. I hope both the Messrs Purves are well, and the work prospering there."

"*Sept.* 4, 1872.—I observed the appointment of a minister to Mr Craig's charge at Sprouston —one of the same name, I suppose of kindred spirit. We go back in solemn memory on the past, and specially on our family events, at this season, never ceasing to feel the mag-

nitude of our bereavements; but a joyous time of restoration is coming. I wish we could realise this conviction habitually."

"*Nov.* 29, 1872.—It is not easy to learn to be nothing, and to be still and know that He, our Head, is God, all-sufficient, all-loving, all-faithful.

"Excuse this hurried note, as I am not so well to-day, and always remember me in prayer."

His great sorrow was never wholly absent from his mind, but now he seemed more "to lift up his head," because the "redemption was drawing nigh." On the last anniversary of my brother's birthday before my father's death, he wrote to me, Dec. 9, 1872:—

"The 16th draws on, with its mournful remembrances. Our grand consolation lies in the love of Christ to His people, from which nothing can separate. Our darling David has long been with his Lord."

Before another year he, too, was to be gathered home.

CHAPTER XI.

IN 1872 my father's health had greatly failed, and in his letters written at the close of that year there appears, mingled with solemn retrospect of past years, a presentiment that the end was not far distant.

"It is a great mercy," he wrote to me on December 30, 1872, "when all are tolerably well. I trust it is so both with dear Bessie and you, and I anticipate this being a blessed and prosperous year with you. Year after year is rolling over. My full conviction is, that our happiest days are when we can do most in the service of the Lord. I go back with sweet and loving interest on the days of full and constant proclamation of the everlasting gospel, but I am for the present arrested. May you long abide in strength and accomplish much for

God's glory and the good of souls; then this coming year will be blessed."

In a letter to the mother of his daughter-in-law, sympathising with her in a recent bereavement, he says:—

"FORTHSIDE, *December* 30, 1872.

"MY DEAR MRS ROSHER,—Both Mrs Milroy and myself have entered with sympathy into the bereavement with which God has recently visited you. He only can pour His heavenly consolations into our souls under such needed trials, and He does it lovingly, when He grants us to know that departed ones have 'fallen asleep in Jesus.' There is a feeling of solemnity awakened in our hearts, as we stand on the eve of a coming year, I might almost say, of painful anticipation, did we not know that 'all things shall work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to His purpose.' The 8th chapter of Romans is a favourite portion of the Word with me. I feel it to be very precious; it is eternally true and cannot fail. Let us all claim its divine promises as individually our own."

The death of his friend and fellow-student, Dr Guthrie, affected him greatly, to whom he thus refers :—

"*March* 3, 1873.—Yesterday in Edinburgh the pulpits were sounding the attainments of Dr Guthrie, whose end was peace in spite of many fears. I scarcely think the preachers rose to the height of their theme."

In April 1873 I was summoned from London by a telegram that my father was alarmingly ill. An insidious disease had been wasting his system, which none of us suspected, and in spite of the most skilful and tender medical care, he gradually sank.

The approach of death did not take him by surprise, and in his case there was no disquietude or alarm of any kind. There was an entire absence of anything like a deathbed scene. "I am thinking very little just now," he said; "I am just satisfied with the truths I have proclaimed, and am simply waiting for my dismissal." A happy cheerfulness marked his last days, and he insisted that all household arrangements should go on undisturbed as

usual. He knew whom he had believed, as once before in a dangerous illness he said in reference to preparation for death, "Oh, all that is settled long ago!"

"The fortitude he displayed during his long illness I have never seen surpassed," writes his kind medical attendant, Dr Johnston of Stirling, and indeed his beautiful unselfishness and solicitude about the comfort of others was extremely touching.

"You will wear yourself out," he said. "My dear boy here wishes to detain me, and is doing all he can to keep me in life, but I wish to be away." Often during the night he was heard to mention our names with some token of the greatest tenderness.

One thing lay upon his mind. The Communion was to be celebrated in Edinburgh on the last Sabbath of April, and he had looked forward to be present in his own church, and to commemorate once more with his congregation the Redeemer's dying love. Till just before his illness he cherished this hope, and his last walk was taken in the view of test-

ing his strength for the journey. On the Communion Sabbath he followed his congregation through all the portions of the service, asking what o'clock it was, and seeking to know the time when they would actually be engaged in the solemn act of communion. Being asked if he had any message to his congregation, he replied, "Tell them that I have an affectionate remembrance of them all."

This was his last Sabbath on earth, and everything seemed strangely in harmony with the scene. It was a glorious April day, in which the fields and distant hills reposed in the calm sunshine, and the peaceful river that was flowing with the receding tide past the house seemed truly a fit emblem of the tranquil life that was so fast ebbing to its close.

Calm and happy, my father called us all around his bed, and bade me read Hebrews xii. 22–29: "But ye are come unto mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven,

and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the New Covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel." Then he bade me read 1st John ii. I read to the 17th verse: "The world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever," when he said with great emphasis, "That will do."

There is a little book[1] called "Ἄρτος ἐκ τοῦ οὐρανοῦ," "Bread from Heaven," consisting of texts for every day in Greek and English, which had been given to me by my dear friend, Canon Duckworth, with whom I was then working. I had given a copy of it to my father, and he was very fond of it, and read it daily. During his illness I read the portion in Greek to him, which he translated, often accompanying it with a running commentary to bring out the full meaning of the original. The texts for the week before his death were strangely appropriate, and so painfully significant, that I read

[1] By Dr Greenhill of Hastings.

them with faltering voice. I give some of them:—

"*April* 21.—*Κύριος ποιμαίνει με, καὶ οὐδέν με ὑστερήσει,*" which my father translated—"The Lord shepherds me," adding—"Yes, to make that a reality in life is religion."

"*April* 24.—*Ἐὰν γὰρ καὶ πορευθῶ ἐν μέσῳ σκιᾶς θανάτου, οὐ φοβηθήσομαι κακὰ, ὅτι Σὺ μετ' ἐμοῦ εἶ ἡ ῥάβδος Σου καὶ ἡ βακτηρία Σου, αὗταί με παρεκάλεσαν.*" "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

"*April* 25.—*Θάρσει ἔγειραι. φωνεῖ σε.*" "Be of good comfort; rise, He calleth thee."

On Saturday, May 3, he was very sleepy, and in the afternoon a change gradually came over his countenance. All struggle seemed to have passed away, and he wore a look of quiet rest. He talked much to himself, as in the "Pilgrim's Progress" Bunyan makes Christian and Hopeful converse in their sleep. "Now I beheld in my dream, that they talked more in their sleep at this time than ever they did in all their

journey; and being in a muse thereabout, the gardener said even to me, Wherefore musest thou at the matter? It is the nature of the grapes of these vineyards 'to go down so sweetly as to cause the lips of them that are asleep to speak.'"

He had already bade us good-bye, and said, "Why tarry the wheels of His chariot?" "I have waited for Thy salvation, O God." We felt that the end was approaching, but even to us the bitterness of death was past, for there was such an inexpressible sweetness and calm that took away all gloom. It was, indeed, not death, but a translation, as he himself spoke of his "glorious consummation." He whispered, "Coming, coming," again and again, and then sank more and more to rest, as if he were settling himself to quiet sleep. We stood chained to the spot, and the shadows of that Saturday evening fell longer and darker around us. A little after nine o'clock we knew that he had entered upon the eternal Sabbath.

At the time of my father's death the 93rd Regiment of Sutherland Highlanders, which had attended his ministry twenty years before, was once more in Edinburgh, and had again desired to worship with his congregation. On hearing of his death, the soldiers begged to be allowed to carry him to the grave. Lovingly and with gentle hands, the strong men bore him to the beautiful spot in the Dean Cemetery, where, under the shade of a spreading tree, all that was mortal of him sleeps.

The Sunday before I heard of my father's illness was Easter Sunday, and all through the week, while preparing my Easter sermon, and contrasting the feeling of the heathen about death with the hope of the Christian, "full of immortality," the verses of Tennyson's "Deserted House" had somehow or other been present to my mind:—

"Life and Thought have gone away
Side by side.
Leaving door and windows wide:
Careless tenants they!

"All within is dark as night;
In the windows is no light;

And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.

"Come away; no more of mirth
Is here or merry-making sound.
The house was builded of the earth,
And shall fall again to ground.

"Come away: for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell;
But in a city glorious—
A great and distant city—have bought
A mansion incorruptible.
Would they could have stayed with us!"

I now understood the full meaning of these verses, as I never had before. We could not feel that our dear one was dead, for the living sense of his sweetness was so great, that affection was not even tempted to linger over the precious clay. Work and energy, spiritual and intellectual, had been so eminently a characteristic of my father's life. Almost to the last, while living in the country, he continued to preach to his people, travelling into Edinburgh on Saturday, and returning on the Monday following. Our love grudged his short absence, and gladly welcomed his return.

And even now we seem to feel that he is separated from us only for a little, even as if on the last day of the working week he had gone in to his Master's service—to the great city where indeed no temple is, but where His servants shall serve Him.

We hope that the meeting is but deferred. True, he will not return to us; but we trust that, God helping us, we shall go to him.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

I.

Post 8vo, 7s. 6d. cloth,

FORTY YEARS' MISSION WORK IN POLYNESIA AND NEW GUINEA.

From 1835 to 1875. By the Rev. A. W. MURRAY, London Missionary Society. With Illustrations.

II.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth,

OUR COFFEE ROOM.

By ELIZABETH R. COTTON. With Preface by Lieut.-General Sir ARTHUR COTTON, R.E., K.C.S.I.

III.

Post 8vo, 5s. cloth,

CONVERSATIONS ON THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST LUKE.

By EMILY TEMPLE FRERE.

IV.

Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. cloth; 3s. gilt edges,

THE GOSPEL AND ITS MINISTRY.

By ROBERT ANDERSON, LL.D.

V.

4to, 21s. cloth,

WILD FLOWERS OF THE HOLY LAND.

Fifty-four Plates, printed in colours. Drawn and Pointed after Nature by HANNAH ZELLER, Nazareth. With a Preface by the Rev. H. B. TRISTRAM, Canon of Durham, and an Introduction by EDWARD ATKINSON, Esq., F.L.S., F.Z.S.

VI.

16mo, 2s. cloth,

THE GATES OF PRAISE,

And other Original Hymns, Poems, and Fragments of Verse. By the Rev. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D., Author of "The Gates of Prayer," "Morning and Night Watches," &c.

VII.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth,

FOUNDATION TRUTHS:

Lectures on Romans viii. 33, 34, preached in Portman Chapel during Lent 1875. By the Rev. J. W. REEVE, M.A., Canon of Bristol, Author of "The Titles of Jehovah," &c.

VIII.

Crown 8vo, 5s. cloth,

RIVERS OF ICE.

A Tale Illustrative of Alpine Adventure and Glacier Action. By R. M. BALLANTYNE, Author of "The Pirate City." With Illustrations.

IX.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth,

GIVING TRUST:

Containing "Bread and Oranges," and "The Rapids of Niagara." Tales illustrating "The Lord's Prayer." By SUSAN WARNER. With Coloured Illustrations. Golden Ladder Series.

X.

Royal 32mo, 1s. 6d. cloth, gilt edges,

THE BORDER LAND, AND OTHER POEMS.

By L. N. R., Author of "The Book and its Story."

XI.

Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. cloth,

ECHOES FROM A CONTINENTAL CITY AND A LONDON SUBURB.

By the Rev. F. J. SERJEANT, Vicar of St Mary's, Fulham.
New Edition, Enlarged.

XII.

Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d. cloth,

INSTRUCTIONS ON THE CHURCH CATECHISM:

Being Fifty-two Lessons for Bible Class, Sunday School, &c. By the Rev. ROWLEY HILL, M.A., Vicar of Sheffield, Author of "The Titles of our Lord."

XIII.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth,

SEEKING THE LOST.

Incidents and Sketches of Christian Work in London. By the *Rev. C. J.* WHITMORE, Author of "The Bible in the Work-*shop.*"

XIV.

Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. cloth,

THE GOSPEL IN SANTHALISTAN.

By an Old Indian. With Preface by the Rev. H. BONAR, D.D.

XV.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth,

HOLDEN WITH THE CORDS.

By the Author of "Within and Without." With Coloured Illustrations. Golden Ladder Series.

XVI.

Post 8vo, 7s. 6d. cloth,

TWELVE MONTHS IN MADAGASCAR.

By the Rev. J. MULLENS, D.D., Foreign Secretary of the London Missionary Society. With Illustrations.

XVII.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth,

THE SAINTLY CALLING.

By the Rev. C. D. BELL, M.A., Rector of Cheltenham, and Hon. Canon of Carlisle.

XVIII.

Crown 8vo, 3s. cloth,

THE WOMEN OF INDIA AND CHRISTIAN WORK IN THE ZENANA.

By Mrs WEITBRECHT.

XIX.

Crown 8vo, 5s. cloth,

CLEFTS OF THE ROCK;

Or, The Believer's Grounds of Confidence in Christ. By the Rev. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D., Author of "The Gates of Prayer," &c.

XX.

Crown 8vo, 3s. cloth,

THE RENT VEIL.

By the Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D., Author of "Christ of God," &c.

XXI.

4to, 10s. 6d. cloth,

EDDA:

Tales of a Grandmother. A History of Denmark. Edited by PHILOJUVENIS. New Edition. With many Illustrations.

XXII.

Crown 8vo, 5s. cloth,

THE PIRATE CITY:

An Algerine Tale. By R. M. BALLANTYNE, Author of "Black Ivory," &c. With Illustrations.

XXIII.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth,

SCEPTRES AND CROWNS,

And the Flag of Truce, illustrating the Lord's Prayer. By the Author of "The Wide, Wide World." With Coloured Illustrations.

XXIV.

Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. cloth,

SEED-TIME IN KASHMIR;

A Memoir of WILLIAM J. ELMSLIE, M.D., F.R.C.S.E., &c., late Medical Missionary of the C. M. S. in Kashmir. By His WIDOW and Dr W. BURNS THOMSON, Medical Missionary.

XXV.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth,

A SOLDIER'S EXPERIENCE OF GOD'S LOVE AND OF HIS FAITHFULNESS TO HIS WORD.

By C. H. MALAN, once a Major of the British Army.

XXVI.

Post 8vo, 7s. 6d. cloth,

A MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT REV. ROBERT DALY, D.D., LATE LORD BISHOP OF CASHEL, ETC.

By Mrs HAMILTON MADDEN, Author of "Personal Recollections of the Bishop of Cashel."

XXVII.

Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. cloth,

URBANÉ AND HIS FRIENDS.

By Mrs PRENTISS, Author of "Stepping Heavenward." With Coloured Illustrations.

XXVIII.

Crown 8vo, 5s. cloth,

EARTH'S MORNING;

Or, Thoughts on Genesis. By the Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D., Author of "Light and Truth," &c.

XXIX.

Post 8vo, 6s. cloth,

FOUR YEARS IN ASHANTEE.

By the Missionaries RAMSEYER and KÜHNE.

XXX.

Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. cloth,

REAL PICTURES OF CLERICAL LIFE IN IRELAND.

By J. DUNCAN CRAIG, D.D., Author of "La Debonâdo."

XXXI.

Royal 32mo, each 6d. sewed; 9d. cloth,

MORNING BELLS AND LITTLE PILLOWS.

Being Waking and Good-Night Thoughts for the Little Ones. By FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, Author of "Under the Surface," &c.

XXXII.

Crown 8vo, 5s. cloth,

HILLS THAT BRING PEACE.

By the Rev. C. D. BELL, Honorary Canon of Carlisle, Author of "Night Scenes of the Bible."

XXXIII.

Crown 8vo, 5s. cloth,

LETTERS OF RUTH BRYAN.

By the Author of "Handfuls of Purpose." With a Preface by the Rev. A. MOODY STUART, M.A.

XXXIV.

Crown 8vo, 5s. cloth,

LECTURES ON GREAT MEN.

By the late Rev. FREDERIC MYERS, Incumbent of St John's, Keswick. With Preface by the Rev. T. H. TARLTON.

XXXV.

16mo, 1s. 6d. cloth,

A GOLDEN SUNSET.

Being an Account of the Last Days of Hannah Broomfield. By the Rev. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D., Author of "The Healing Waters of Israel," &c.

XXXVI.

32mo, 10d. cloth,

THE FOURTH WATCH.

By ANNA WARNER, Author of "The Melody of the Twenty-third Psalm," "The Golden Ladder," &c.

XXXVII.

Crown 8vo, in cloth limp,

CROSSING THE RIVER.

By the Author of "The Life of the late Rev. Dr Marsh," "Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars," &c.

XXXVIII.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth,

RELIGIOUS POEMS.

By the Author of "Stepping Heavenward," &c.

XXXIX.

Crown 8vo, 6s. cloth,

A THIRD SERIES OF SERMONS PREACHED AT KING'S LYNN.

By the late Rev. E. HULL, B.A.

XL.

Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. cloth,

LONG EVENINGS, AND WORK TO DO IN THEM.

By MRS BAYLEY, Author of "Ragged Homes, and how to Mend them."

XLI.

Crown 8vo, 5s. cloth.

CHURCH AND HOME LESSONS FROM THE BOOK OF HOSEA, FOR FAMILY READING.

By the Rev. A. C. THISTLETON, Dublin.

XLII.

Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. cloth,

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

By the Rev. JOHN HALL, D.D., of New York, late of Dublin, Author of "Papers for Home Reading."

XLIII.

Crown 8vo, 5s. cloth,

THE TITLES OF JEHOVAH:

A Series of Lectures preached during Lent 1858. By the Rev. J. W. REEVE, M.A., Author of "The Death of Self, the Life of Service."

XLIV.

Post 8vo, 6s. 6d. cloth,

BLENDING LIGHTS;

Or, The Relations of Natural Science, Achæology, and History to *the Bible*. By the Rev. WILLIAM FRASER, LL.D.